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Dangers to the Church in France and England.

WE hear, from the other side of the Channel, a cry of distress which, to some extent, surprises as well as alarms us. All Catholics must sympathize, with a more than ordinary sympathy, with that noble Church of France, which was the first to receive the attacks of the Revolutionary spirit let loose upon Europe nearly a century ago, which shed so much blood and suffered so cruelly at the hands of that same Revolution in its hour of power, only to rise again in so glorious a freshness of youth, and in a richness and fecundity of energy so altogether marvellous. We have often had to say that the decadence of France is the weakness of the Church at large, and, if the clergy of France are smitten with feebleness, then the decadence of France is ensured. It is therefore with much sorrow that English Catholics will learn from the pamphlet of M. Bougaud¹ that the Church of France finds herself unable to man the various posts which are intrusted to her keeping, and that her secular clergy are insufficient in numbers for the ordinary wants of a great proportion of her dioceses. The fact itself is of immense importance, and a consideration of the causes, such as is suggested to us by the *brochure* of which we speak, must be a task worthy of all our attention, both on account of the interest which all Catholics must have in the well-being of so magnificent a portion of the Church Catholic, and also because some of these causes, or others like them, may either at present, or soon, be at work to impoverish our own struggling and less organized body.

M. Bougaud's work, which has attracted great attention, not only from the Catholics of France, but also from that portion of the press which is hostile to the Church, is divided into eight chapters. In the first of these the author proves his thesis, that the number of sacerdotal vocations which

¹ *Le Grand Péril de l'Eglise de France au dix-neuvième siècle.* Par M. l'Abbé Bougaud (Vicaire Général d'Orléans). Paris: Poussielgue Frères, 1878.

arrive at maturity is too small for the requirements of the French dioceses. In the second chapter, some causes of the diminution of these vocations are considered—the poverty in which the French priests have to live, the solitude and ingratitude which surround them, the persecution to which they are exposed, which makes families afraid to give their children to this vocation, and leads them even to stifle aspirations to the priesthood when they exist. The third and fourth chapters deal with the disastrous results of the fact already established—the enfeeblement of all the great ministerial works of the Church for the good of souls, the work of the pastor, the work of the preacher, the work of the Christian doctorate, of education, of the propagation of the faith among the heathen, the evangelization of France; while it is also shown that the extreme difficulty in finding priests results in the admission of some not altogether worthy, and that the same cause hinders the healing of many of the social evils of the day. The last half of the pamphlet deals with the remedies which may be applied to the evils which are complained of. One great cause of the want of priests is the aversion which the higher and middle classes seem to have to the vocation. M. Bougaud remonstrates very strongly on this point, and shows the magnificent prospect which is open to the young men of such classes if they would give themselves to the priesthood. He then sets forth the duties of parents and priests in regard to the fostering of vocations, and traces the young ecclesiastic from his home to the priest's house, thence to the Petit Seminaire, and thence to the Grand Seminaire. These institutions, he shows, are insufficiently supported by the State, and he concludes by recommending to private charity, the foundation of "burses," or "half-burses," in the Seminaries, and the support of the *Œuvre des Vocations Ecclesiastiques*.

It is not our purpose to follow M. Bougaud through all the statements or arguments contained in these chapters. We may more usefully annotate on certain points of prominent interest. In the first place, the fact seems to be undeniable that there is a scarcity of priests in two-thirds of the dioceses into which France is now divided—a scarcity which in nearly half of them amounts to a very great need indeed. Nearly forty dioceses are marked in the map which accompanies the pamphlet as "wanting more than thirty priests" for their full complement. M. Bougaud might have made his statement still more effective

if he had given a special colour to those dioceses which are wanting in a hundred priests or more, such as Paris, with 109 vacancies, Rheims with 110, and Evreux with 126. Beauvais, Versailles, and Bayeux, with 94, 78, and 86, come very nearly under the same category. On the other hand, several of the dioceses which are coloured as being sufficiently manned, or nearly so, have nevertheless vacancies to be filled up, though not in any great number. Nor again, we fear, can there be any doubt as to the poverty and want of sympathy which are the two distinguishing marks of the French clergy. It appears that twelve or thirteen hundred francs a year as the utmost that is received, from all sources, by the priest in general. He is housed rent free, and his church is kept repaired for him. Of the sum we have mentioned, very little indeed seems to come to him as gifts from the people. Again, M. Bougaud must be entirely trusted when he tells us that in the vast majority of cases the priest is a son of the poorer classes, and that few men of good family, and few even of the bourgeoisie, enter the orders of the secular clergy.

In our own country the Catholic priests are, as a general rule, supported by their flocks. Certainly they have no State support, and the cases of endowment are comparatively rare. As regards the payment of the clergy by the State, we imagine that English Catholics would shrink from it, and Irish Catholics would reject it. We are very far from saying that the "voluntary system" is without its faults. It may not be an evil, at least in this country, that the priests should be, in great measure, dependent on the dutiful charity of the faithful. But it cannot but be an evil, when they come to feel, as sometimes happens, that they have to compete with each other, man against man, and church against church. There are cases in which this rivalry may lead to disunion, and to other mischief. On the other hand, the position of the clergy abroad—for the system which prevails in France is common over almost the whole Continent—which encourages in the people the idea that the priest is to be supported by the State, and is not to look to them, cannot but have a bad effect in many ways, and we seem to see that effect in the poverty which is now complained of. This may be particularly mischievous if the priest comes to be looked upon as a State official. It is perfectly true that the State support which is thus so grudgingly meted out to the French priests is simply a debt of justice, very niggardly

paid, in compensation for the spoliation of the Church at the time of the Revolution. It is clear that the old state of things was the most natural and the best, in which the Church had her endowments, and the parish priest was delivered alike from the hard strain to avoid starvation or an inadequate pittance, and from the temptations to jealousy and envy which occasionally arise where the voluntary system is in force. M. Bougaud does not, of course, enter on the question of the increase of the income of the clergy. He has enough to do with the increase of the clergy themselves. In England, we have poor missions enough. But with us it would not be impossible to raise a fund from which some annual subsidy to each needy mission might be furnished.

One of the peculiar miseries of the present state of France has perhaps something to do, as M. Bougaud appears to hint, with the scarcity of priestly vocations in the higher classes. We are happily free from the paralysis, which must always be the lot of a country whose political Government is unsettled, and in which large and influential classes are desirous of a radical change either in the form of the Government or in dynasty, and think themselves justified in total abstention from political life. It appears that M. Bougaud attributes to the dynastic devotions of a large part of the French nobility, the absence of their sons from the ranks of the clergy. We gather from him, however,² that he hopes for a change in this respect. The misfortunes of France in her last war had the effect of arousing the patriotism of all parties in the country, and the army now contains a great number of officers of the old families. The magistrature will come next, and then, M. Bougaud trusts, a still further step will be made, and the ancient names of the country will be found among the clergy. He quotes a passage from a Pastoral Letter of Mgr. Dupanloup more than twenty years ago, in which that distinguished prelate hints that the "abandonment of the sanctuary" by the rich may be one of the secret causes why so many noble and famous families have died out altogether. Certainly many of our old English families know well enough the truth of the statement which follows, that "a son given to the Church could have drawn on them the favourable eye of God." As we have said, we are ourselves in no danger at present of an evil similar to that to which M. Bougaud complains. Too many, indeed,

² See p. 51.

of our old Catholic families have become extinct in the last half-century—but it has not been on account of any failing in the devotion of their members to the service of the altar. Catholics, again, have long been excluded from political life, and this ban has not yet been removed in England. But their inaction has not been a willing inaction, still less has it been connected with any disloyalty to the Government or dynasty of the country. Let us hope that the future may be as the past in this respect, at least as regards the readiness of English Catholics of all classes to devote themselves to the sacred ministry. But we are inclined to fear, as indeed M. Bougaud argues, that this is but one of several causes tending to the same result, from the operation of which we may not be more free than our French neighbours. The shallow multiplicity of modern education, the softness and effeminacy of manners, the early independence of the young, and, in our own case, the absence of education continued at a university after school days are over, have all an influence in making the priestly vocation comparatively rare. When we say, comparatively rare, our words are perhaps more true, as to ourselves, of a comparison between our own days and those which have preceded them, than of a comparison between our present supply of priests and that which other countries have to show. As to this, we are altogether without statistics. But we believe that, in proportion, to our Catholic population, we have as many priests in England as are to be found in more than one Catholic country. Even in Ireland, the proportion of priests to the Catholic population is less than in England. On the other hand, about a third of the number of priests in England belong to religious orders or congregations, and, in some dioceses especially, there is a large admixture of foreigners. We are very far from considering this as a misfortune, but the fact requires to be stated in order to qualify our former assertion. But the truth is, that M. Bougaud has done good service in reminding us—if we require to be reminded—of the saying of Joseph de Maistre, that the priesthood ought to be the great object of care in our modern society. Never, in the history of the Church, has there been a greater need of priests than now, and but few are aware of the difficulties which have to be encountered in the successful training of the ministers of the altar. Schools, churches, convents, and a hundred good works of various kinds, are of inestimable value in themselves, and

it would be wrong to divert from them the munificence of the faithful. But a hundred more good priests sent into the vineyard would carry with them the seeds from which schools, missions, churches, and convents spring.

When we turn to the consideration of the details of the dangers which, as M. Bougaud tells us, are incurred by the French Church on account of her scarcity of priests, we come to subjects which are quite as pressing in our own case as in that of our neighbours. M. Bougaud, in truth, sets before us, under certain great heads, almost the whole work of the Church, and tells us how in each particular, that work is performed inadequately on account of the comparatively small numbers of the secular clergy. It is here, if anywhere, that we should be inclined to hope that his conclusion is exaggerated because his views are not sufficiently wide. We cannot accuse him of ignoring altogether the fact that the clergy of the Church consists of two great bodies of priests, the secular and the regular, for he more than once speaks in the highest terms of the services of the latter in all but the directly parochial functions of the ministry. He evidently does not maintain the opinion that the whole work of the Church is confided by Providence and by the Holy See to Bishops and secular priests, and that whatever work is done by regulars is done by them as supernumeraries and volunteers, helping others in the discharge of duties which properly belong to them alone. We have sometimes heard language on this subject which almost implied that a priest ceased to be a priest when he becomes a religious. At this rate, complaints as to the want of clergy for the work of the Church would be as pertinent as lamentations over the inadequacy of our military forces, based on our inability to find dragoons enough to man our ironclads. M. Bougaud, as we have said, does not write in this foolish strain, but we should like to have had from him a few more statistics as to the amount of work which is done in France by the religious bodies. He speaks of the "apostolical ministry," for instance,—the work of preachers who go in search of souls that have strayed from the fold, not content with the care of those who are already within the fold. "We ought to have missions," he says, "sermons for the men, learned, eloquent, capable of attracting the curious, waking up the indifferent, and if not as yet converting them, at least of sowing the seed in their souls and preventing the divine germs already there from dying. But

how is this to be done? We have no priests."³ Again, he speaks of the need of learned men—men able to meet in speech and writing the manifold science of modern progress, and to answer the natural questions to which the discoveries of the time give birth. He laments that the defence of the faith and of the Church in the press should have fallen so much into the hands of laymen. He does not call this a misfortune, "for after all, when there are no soldiers, it is necessary that civilians, and in case of need, even the women, should run to the ramparts. Nevertheless, it would be better to have soldiers." We may say a word or two on this point later on, but we must continue on our way. M. Bougaud laments the inadequate supply of priests for the various demands of education, for missionary needs, and for the great undertaking of "evangelizing" France itself. Such, in the main, are his complaints.

Now here, surely, are a number of needs for which it is simply preposterous to look to the secular clergy alone. We gather, indeed, from more than one passage in the pamphlet of which we are speaking, that the French bishops and clergy are as willing as possible to seek the aid of religious bodies for the purposes which are here described, but that the religious bodies are altogether unable to meet the demands which are made upon them. But when the whole work which the Church has to do is considered under its several heads, it is natural that we should like to know whether the religious bodies are suffering from a diminution of numbers to an extent relatively comparable to that in which the same calamity has fallen on the secular clergy. And the state of the Church of France will be more sad even than it appears in M. Bougaud's pages, if this be the case, while, if this is not the case, it will be less sad. The work of missions, the work of defending the Catholic doctrine in sermons and conferences, the work of writing in defence of the Church, the work of bringing the results of modern science into harmony with the statements of revelation, the work of higher education, the work of missions to the heathen, and the like—these are all portions of the manifold task for which the Spouse of Christ has not usually looked to her parochial clergy and those whose time is occupied in the administration of her government, and, if so many of these in each generation have made themselves conspicuous for services of this kind, they have been themselves exceptional men. She looks for these services

³ P. 44.

to those who have a special vocation, a special preparation, and special opportunities for them. And as to the condition of the Church of France in this respect, we are glad not to be able to take M. Bougaud's statements as altogether conclusive.

Many of our readers have probably seen at least a part of an interesting letter to M. Bougaud from the present Bishop of Nîmes, which appeared in the *Univers* early in September, and was partly translated in a late number of the *Tablet*. The Bishop is there speaking of the late Cardinal Mathieu, Archbishop of Besançon, and he mentions that that eminent prelate had found it well to multiply his Petit-Seminaires, in spite of the advice of many priests, who considered that it was better to have a few large Colleges of the kind than many smaller Colleges. This principle probably is of more practical utility in schools for little boys, in which the numbers may be small, than in schools which require great cultivation and teaching powers in the professors or masters. But we refer to the letter of the Bishop of Nîmes rather for the purpose of another passage, which certainly seems to imply that the vocations to the regular clergy are not diminishing in France. Mgr. Besson tells M. Bougaud of another instance—

Of the great faith and rare perspicacity of Cardinal Mathieu. In the first years of his episcopate at Besançon it was not without repugnance that he gave up his priests to religious congregations and to the foreign missions. It seemed to him that to do this was to bereave himself with too great lack of foresight, and that he ought before all things to secure the future of the clergy of his diocese. After some years of trial, he changed his opinion, and the face of the diocese was changed also. The more permissions that he gave for priests to depart for the missions, the more subjects did God send him for his own Church. For one missionary who obtained leave to go away to the missions, there came out of the same village two or three seminarists. You have made this remark yourself, and I do not insist upon it further. The great ecclesiastical prosperity of the diocese of Besançon dates from the day when its sons were sent out on the distant missions to evangelize the peoples still buried in the shades of death. The document which you saw, and which is dated 1851, reckons forty-five missionaries. The *Ordo* of 1878 mentions seventy. We have not yet had any exact statement as to the exact number of religious men in this fine diocese. Perhaps there are not less than two hundred priests, Jesuits, Dominicans, Capuchins, Oblates, Marists, Brothers of Mary, missionaries, and religious of all kinds, and titles, who belong to it by birth and by education, the flower of the country, the *élite* of the priestly army, and as you repeat so well in the words of Pius the Ninth,

the most hardy, the gayest, the most enterprising and fruitful of apostles. And notwithstanding this legion on foreign service, the diocese of Besançon is so rich that it can lend subjects full of merit to the other dioceses of France. So true is it that the more we give to the Lord, the more is He pleased to give us in return !

With this spirit of enlightened prudence, it is not likely that, in a diocese such as that which is here spoken of, there should be any difficulty as to the employment of religious priests in the many branches of ministerial work for which they are specially adapted, and which the Church so frequently places almost entirely in their hands. They are not likely to be excluded from the work of giving missions, or retreats, or from the great field of education. We trust, however, that no one would be justified in considering that the facts, as stated by Mgr. Besson with regard to the diocese of Besançon, constitute an exceptional case among the French dioceses. It would certainly, on the principle which the Bishop of Nîmes quotes in the last sentence of the passage just now quoted, be almost enough to account for the sterility of a diocese, if this narrow and niggardly spirit of jealous exclusiveness were to reign there instead of that spirit which animated Cardinal Mathieu. But if the case be rather as we hope it is, that there is very little of the dangerous spirit above mentioned in France, we are inclined to think that M. Bougaud must have unconsciously exaggerated his case when he argues from the incapacity of the secular clergy to furnish workers in all the departments of the apostolate which he has himself enumerated, that the Church of France as a whole is smitten with comparative sterility in all these departments.

These remarks naturally conduct us to a question which we put aside a few paragraphs back, on which, again, it seems to us that M. Bougaud may be somewhat exaggerated. He has expressed strong opinions about the prominence of laymen in the controversial defence of the faith, and has some passages about modern Catholic journalism which have not been very acceptable to M. Louis Veuillot. It is, we are sorry to say, almost impossible to find a Catholic community, even under severe pressure of persecution or of danger from without, which is not now and then disturbed by its domestic quarrels. Every one knows that there is not perfect accord between the diocese of Orleans—of which M. Bougaud is the Vicar General—and the *Univers* newspaper. The editor of the *Univers* has attained

a place almost unique among Catholic journalists, and the Bishop of Orleans has certainly been for a long time the most prominent defender of the Church in France. It is a pity that where there is so much real unity of purpose there should be any separation on account of personal matters. So it is, however, that we must take M. Bougaud's attack—for it is little less—on the journalists; as not altogether disconnected from the fact that M. Veuillot is the most prominent of the class. After some remarks, in which there is a great deal of not unminged truth, on the superficiality of some of the works written in defence of religion by laymen who are not theologians, M. Bougaud proceeds to complain that religious journalism, which is now one of the forms of the "Christian Apology," and one of the great means of action for the defence of the Church, has passed almost exclusively into the hands of laymen. This, he tells us, is still more discouraging than the fact that they write books. A book is written with ripeness and deliberation, in silence, and by men of age; papers are written off-hand, in the midst of a conflict, and by young men. A book may be submitted to the judgment of authority, no one has ever yet been able to bring a paper to this. *On se grise dans la bataille, on se grise aussi dans la presse.* Then we have violent expressions, inexact terms, hazardous propositions, exaggerated assertions, scorn and defiance hurled at enemies. There is no time to read over what has been written; the public must be fed at once. The "gentlemen of the press," often young and violent converts, become the guides of the clergy.⁴

We wish we had space to transcribe two excellent paragraphs in the pages which we are condensing, on the gentleness, the prudence, the tenderness with which Christian controversy should be conducted, and on the undeniable connection of these and other such qualities with the priestly character. We are also by no means inclined to quarrel with M. Bougaud as to what he says about the danger which the clergy, who read the daily papers, run of catching their tone of offhand and sometimes by no means well-informed dogmatism. It is a danger which is not very practical to us in England and Ireland, for our Catholic newspapers are far too modest in their aspirations to aim at the formation of clerical or Catholic opinion. We have no *Univers* in England, and, except for certain of its good qualities, quite independent of its undeniable acrimony

⁴ Pp. 56, 57.

and severity of language, there is no particular reason for wishing that we had. The truth is that, quite apart from its style of writing, the *Univers*—and we say the same of other less noted Catholic papers in France—is an exceedingly good paper for news. Its information during the late war was unusually good, and its correspondence—we mean the intelligence furnished to it by its regular contributors in foreign countries—is indefinitely better than any that we have to show. It takes the trouble to sift the telegrams, and to do a great many more, not unlaborious, pieces of work which make its information worth having, while its occasional reviews of literature are excellent. We mention these things by way of showing that it is not an easy matter to manage a newspaper well, and we can hardly think that it can be the mind of the Church that all this work should fall on the shoulders of the Bishops and the secular clergy. What are well-educated laymen to do, if they are not to write in religious newspapers, and to take a leading part in a number of other departments of the work of Christian defence, in the widest sense of the term? It is quite true, that laymen may go beyond their tether—but so may those who are not laymen. What may be called, in a wide sense, Catholic politics, the defence and representation of the Catholic side on the countless questions of the day which concern the Church, are very well indeed in the hands of laymen, who may be guided as to their line of action by the advice of her authorities, and, as to all statements and arguments that concern dogma, by that of her theologians. We have had to say over and over again, in these pages, that none but trained theologians can be safely trusted on matters of theology, but there is nothing to prevent a layman from being a theologian if he will only follow the method and the guidance of the Church in his studies. We venture to think that a hard-worked secular clergy could not furnish many men who would be at home in the direction of newspapers, even if its members were increased as M. Bougaud would desire. It is easy, no doubt, to exaggerate the rôle of a newspaper. Great mischief is, no doubt, done to many Catholic minds in England by the *Times* and the *Saturday Review*—not merely by the falsehoods which they habitually propagate as facts concerning Catholicism abroad and the Holy See, but by the altogether un-Christian tone in which they write about all things whatsoever. The remedy lies in a

ruthless exposure of their fallacies and misrepresentations—an herculean task, which could be done very much better among us than it is, if we had a few more writers whose time could be devoted to the studies and acquisition of general information as to facts, without which the smartest writing is of no purpose. One great reason why our polemical literature, whether of the lighter or the heavier order, is less efficient than we wish to see it, is that so few Catholics have the time to give themselves to it as the work of their lives, and that we are generally obliged to be content with the moments of leisure of persons already fully occupied, and who are unable to give us the fruits of solid knowledge.

We feel, therefore, some little relief when we come to look at M. Bougaud's complaints a little closer. Of course, if in estimating the forces which are at the command of the Church in any particular country, for the continual conflict with the powers of evil and for the equally continual advancement of the kingdom of God which is laid upon her as her duty, we set aside the religious priesthood and religious orders or congregations on the one hand, and the services of the laity on the other, we are very likely to exaggerate the practical deficiencies which may afflict her. It would be unfair to M. Bougaud to say that this is what he has done with regard to the religious orders and congregations. The only fault that can be found with him is that he has not spoken—perhaps he did not think it requisite to speak—with all that fulness of statement which sympathetic neighbours would have liked. As to the great matter of education, indeed, it is evident that he does not consider that the work of the Church can be discharged by the bishops and secular clergy alone. He considers that the enlargement of the range of the Petit-Seminaires which followed on the proscription of the Jesuits by the Government before the Revolution of July, when the strictly clerical schools were forced to open their doors to lay-students, has been one of the causes of the diminution of the priestly vocations throughout France, and he is evidently one of those who consider the mixture of boys destined for the service of the altar with other boys in the same school as a definite danger and calamity. Not every one, certainly, will agree with him in this. He tells us also that the step has been retraced in many cases.

From some years back we find a certain number of College-Seminaires transforming themselves little by little into Petit-Seminaires

Pures [*i.e.*, unmixed], and what helps this, is that God has sent powerful auxiliaries to the Church of France. For the last twenty or thirty years the Jesuits have resumed their great task of the education of the young. They have opened sixteen magnificent Colleges, into which the children of those families who had to some degree forced the doors of our Petit-Seminaires now naturally throw themselves. Father Lacordaire has founded Sorr  ze, Ouillins, Arcueil. Other religious orders have opened Colleges of the same kind. Thence issue soldiers, engineers, physicians, gentlemen—a crowd of Christians—no priests, or very few. This proves that it is not enough for a family to be even profoundly Christian in order to be fit for the development of ecclesiastical vocations. A special education is required.

We should like to know whether this statement as to the paucity of priestly vocations in the pupils of the Colleges here spoken of is true of priestly vocations in the widest sense, or of priestly vocations to the particular work of the secular clergy. But we quote the passage principally to show that M. Bougaud does not claim for the latter any monopoly, perhaps not even any great share, in the work of general and higher education. But he certainly seems to us not to have sufficiently guarded himself against the imputation that he practically lays the great work of the Apostolate too exclusively on the shoulders of a part only of the great army of the servants of our Lord in His Church.

With all deductions made, however, his cry of complaint is important and ominous of coming evil. We believe that a great many causes have concurred in the diminution of the secular clergy of France, many of which are happily not operative in other countries. The transformation of whole continental nations into masses of soldiery may be one of these causes as to which we have few to share with us the privileges of exemption. The political and social condition of France may be another. To our minds, the payment of the clergy by the State, and the isolation from their flocks in which many of the French clergy seem to live, are other causes—but as to this we may well be mistaken. One great evil, the sterility of marriages, to which M. Bougaud alludes, is probably at the bottom of this and other miseries in France. But it is not our business to attempt to catalogue the causes of the manifold evils which afflict that great Catholic nation. As to those which more immediately concern the Church and her sacred ministry, we sincerely trust that they are by no means irremediable.

Many, we sincerely believe, can be obviated by an enlightened policy on the part of those to whom the ordinary government of the Church is confided, and perhaps the development of Catholic education in its higher branches under competent teachers will tend to remove others. We cannot believe that the Church of France is doomed to see her influence in the country reduced to any narrower limits than those which now define it. On the contrary, we think that a glorious future indeed is in store for that noble and much tried Church. It will not have been a misfortune that a cry of distress should have been raised, if it stirs up the bishops and clergy, secular and regular alike, of France, to renewed exertions, if it stimulates the efforts which are being made in so many various ways by the Catholic laity of that country. Nor shall we ourselves fail to profit by the alarm of our neighbours, if we are taught thereby not to fritter away our energies by internal jealousies, not to look with displeasure on work for God which is, or may be, done by others, because we are not ourselves able to do it, but to open as widely as possible the gates of the field of Evangelical labours of every kind—the ministrations of the Church, the apostolate of literature or of educational enterprize, and the like—in the certainty that there is never a time in the history of the Church when our Lord's words are not true, that the harvest is plenteous but the labourers are few, and that there can be no truer service to the Lord of the Harvest than to employ those who are ready to work for Him in any part of the field for which they are fit.

The Magyars.—The House of Hapsburg.

WE now enter on a new and painful period in the history of the Magyar race—the rapid downfall of its monarchy and the loss of its national independence. In the Diet held immediately after the death of John Huniades on the 17th of May, 1490, it was evident that the humbleness of his origin flattered the hopes and the mutual jealousies of each of the nobles who had risen into power. They wished to find a tool pliant to their hands, and they ended in selecting Ladislaus, King of Bohemia, as apparently most able to oppose both Austria and the Turks. The new sovereign of Hungary, in the exuberance of his joy, promised readily everything that was asked, but this could neither prevent the loss of the towns gained from Austria, whose inhabitants forced their garrisons to surrender, nor could it preserve intact the frontiers of Hungary itself. On north and east, from Albert of Poland and from Archduke Maximilian, commenced a double invasion, in which part of Silesia was lost and the town of Alba-Royale captured; and when peace was made Maximilian retained the places on the frontier which he had taken, continued to style himself King of Hungary, and obtained the reversion of the kingdom to Austria should Ladislaus die without male heirs. Universal rage and indignation ensued upon the publication of this document. When the treaty with the Sultan came to an end the Hungarian army was found to be disorganized and demoralized, and the nobles refused to arm in the cause of a King whom all held in suspicion. Yet the Magyars, under Kinizsi and Bathori, could maintain their own against the Turks for a time, until they were routed by an overwhelming force, almost at the same moment that the death of Frederick the Third handed on the Empire to Maximilian in 1493.

Five years afterwards the nation found a new patriot in the person of the lawyer Stephen Verboczi, who impressed his mark indelibly on its national traditions, for he was one

of the most perfect types of the true genius of his people. His Catholicity was as firm and unmistakeable as his affection for his race was pure and enthusiastic, but at the same time his education and profession led him to trust too much to the persuasiveness of his eloquence. The helplessness of the King to withstand the pretensions of foreign princes, the delicacy of his children, and his ignorance even of the Magyar language, estranged his subjects more and more from him ; and while, on the one hand, Zapolya or Zapolski was named by the Diet in 1507 Captain-General, and Verboczi charged to draw up a national code of jurisprudence, the infant Louis was espoused by his father to Mary of Austria, and both the children of the King were placed under the protection of Maximilian. The Diet of 1514 received with enthusiasm the code drawn up by Verboczi. Under the title of *Decretum Tripartitum juris consuetudinarii*, it is at once both the principal embodiment of Hungarian law and a document of first importance in the social history of the country. Of the three books, the first discusses the persons of the different subjects ; it lays down that there is but one and the same liberty, one and the same prerogative for the nobility of the land as a body, and that the proud magnate is no more than the simple noble, if not in dignity, at least in regard of the law. The second and third books treat of the details of precedence with respect to trials, sentences, and cases of appeal. The last act of Ladisl us was to give his royal sanction to this code, for he died in 1516, succeeded by his infant son, Louis the Second. A long minority thus followed upon a weak reign. Pope Leo the Tenth, the Emperor Maximilian, and the King of Poland, all contended for the post of guardian to the child. The Diet and Zapolya placed national tutors over him, by whom, however, he was very indifferently brought up.

At this moment of greatest peril for Hungary, the enormous accumulation of men and resources made by the predecessor of the new Sultan during his conquests in the East, led Soliman the Magnificent, to recommence the invasion of Europe. Maximilian having just died, Charles the Fifth was elected Emperor, to the great chagrin of Francis the First. Luther was centring on himself the eyes of all, and had openly defied the spiritual authority of the Pope ; in fact, the minds of so many were preoccupied that the Magyars had little chance of assistance in any quarter. The result might have been easily foreseen. First Sofia, then Belgrade, next Rhodes, were con-

quered by the Infidels, and meanwhile anarchy prevailed within the Kingdom of Hungary. In 1524 earnest entreaties for aid were despatched to England. Two years later the crash came. Under the pretext of befriending Francis the First in his misfortunes, Soliman commenced his march, and at Mohacz, after making a brave stand worthy of its renown, the little army of Hungary was cut to pieces and its last independent King was slain. The way to Baden was now clear before the triumphal advance of the Turk, and his future successes were secured and perpetuated by the dissensions between Eastern and Western Hungary under the rival Kings, Ferdinand of Austria and Zapolya, proclaimed by two rival Diets. The country was divided between the traditional and religious hatred which it bore to the Infidel, and the traditional and political hatred which it bore to the House of Hapsburg. Yet the national King of one part placed himself, together with his independence, in the hands of the Infidel; and when, in 1687, the Turk was expelled from the land, the crown which Archduke Ferdinand had won as King of the other half was declared hereditary for the whole nation in the House of Austria. Thus the Diet of 1687 put an end to the existence of the Kingdom of Hungary as an absolutely independent state, and henceforth its history ceased to be distinct from that of the Empires of the Romans and of Austria.

The peace of Szathmar was signed in 1711 by Joseph the First just before his death, and while it closed the last insurrection against Austrian influence by granting a general amnesty, it re-established on their own sure basis the constitutions and laws of the Magyars. The Court of Vienna and the Hungarian people were at length willing to acknowledge, after repeated struggles, that both held too tenaciously to their rights and interests either to yield or suffer extinction, and henceforth the latter ceased to refuse obedience, while the House of Austria forbore from attempting to trample on its liberties. At this period the royal line was in some danger of dying out, and so after the coronation of Charles the Sixth a law was passed allowing the Austrians to elect a sovereign should the descent fail in the male line. The treaty of Rastadt, in 1714, restored peace to Europe, and assigned to Austria the valuable possessions of Naples, Milan, and Belgium; it was followed by a fresh Hungarian Diet, which settled the difficult affairs of that country. Charles found himself embarrassed by a religious

struggle between the Catholic Church, the Serbians of the Greek rite, and the Protestants, and, as a clever escape from this, Prince Eugene renewed the war against the Turks and Republic of Venice. After a brilliant campaign, followed by the peace of Passarowitz, the right bank of the Danube and the Save was freed entirely of Turks, and Charles took possession of Belgrade, with parts of Serbia and Wallachia. The next great public event was the agreement called the Pragmatic Sanction. The Emperor-King desired more than the law, lately passed, had expressed with reference to the right of succession. He had already, in 1713, made arrangement that all his property should come into the possession of his daughter, the celebrated Maria Teresa, who in 1722 was a child of five years. He further wished that the whole of his sovereign power should descend through the female line, and to secure this, the formal consent of each state which he governed was absolutely necessary, and might be safely expected from all except Hungary. He wisely began by securing the votes of Austria, Bohemia, Croatia, and in the last place, Transylvania. These precautions were a silent testimony to the superior importance of the Magyars, and while flattering their pride, seemed likely to win over their assent. The state of the kingdom likewise favoured Charles' design, so greatly did the country stand in need of interior peace, and of a liberal, but, at the same time, durable Government, with a clearly marked and permanent succession. He decided to lay no pressure on the free action of the Diet, to which he gave an impetus in the right direction by the promise of such liberty and autonomy as resembled in principle the personal union or dualism of the present day. A deputation of sixty members of the Parliament waited on the King at Vienna, and a few days afterwards Charles opened in person the Diet at Presburg, which in two articles established the Pragmatic Sanction as a fundamental law of the kingdom. This the Assembly followed up by very stringent measures against the Serbians of the Greek Church as well as the Protestant Magyars, measures which the alarm of the Emperor and of Prince Eugene subsequently led them to modify.

The material prosperity of the country next occupied the attention of Charles. He converted Fiume into a free port, formed the canal of Bega, and readjusted the military confines of the several districts. On this point a difference arose in the Diet of 1728. The Court wanted to base the re-division of

the land on the property, instead of the persons, of the peasants. The nobles, on the other hand, those especially of the humbler and more numerous class, objected because they often found their property thrown back on their own hands; and their pride rebelled at the thought of any liability to be taxed. The matter was referred to a commission, the Protestant members of which refused to take the Catholic oath, and a compromise had to be resorted to. The year 1740 saw the close of the reign and of the life of Charles the Sixth. Both were chequered, and amid undoubted successes had to count up many checks and reverses, especially during the last ten years, for political disturbances had given place to a rise of the peasantry, and the army, ill-disciplined and ill-provisioned, was repulsed by the Grand Vizier, besides which, the capitulation of Orsova had been followed by the disaster at Kruzka and the loss of Belgrade. But a new era dawned with the accession of Maria Teresa, Charles' daughter, and the Magyar nobility tendered their fidelity to her with enthusiasm. Her husband, Duke Francis of Lorraine, wisely advised that she should be present at the Diet summoned to arrange the question of the coronation, and when on the 20th of June, 1741, immediately after the birth of the future Joseph the Second, she appeared at Presburg wearing the national costume, she was hailed, not as Queen Consort, but like Maria, daughter of Louis of Anjou, as King and Monarch. Causes of mutual irritation, however, still remained, and the Queen would not consent to the exclusion of her husband from all share in governing. The taking of Linz and invasion of Bohemia by the Emperor Charles of Bavaria, called for immediate action, and after an address in Latin from the Queen, declaring with deep emotion her full confidence in her beloved Hungary, the Council, composed of German ministers and Magyar dignitaries, voted a large levy of troops.

Maria Teresa had seriously at heart the good of her subjects, and formed a just idea of her position; and the peace which lasted from 1748 to 1756, may be regarded as the most brilliant period of her reign. Her aim was to tame down the rougher points of the national character, and to train the Hungarian nobles in the more polished habits and tastes of Court life, inviting those of the highest rank to sojourn at Vienna, and and adopt German titles and modes of dress. This well-intentioned, but somewhat artful policy, produced little effect amongst the ranks of the older nobility, who looked with

suspicion on a movement tending from political motives to fuse Hungary into the German States. On other points the Queen had learnt by experience how best to manage a race which combined such stern and dogged recapitulation of its grievances, with the impetuous and chivalrous spirit ineffaceably stamped on it by its barbaric origin. Whenever a feeling of irritation led to opposition, her appearance in their assembly, or the graciousness of her feminine appeal to their generosity and confidence won an enthusiastic reconciliation. Thus murmurs and complaints were once more merged into a devoted concession of the subsidies necessary during the seven years' war which followed the late peace, and still more into a very generous sacrifice of life and property. The most brilliant act of a war of unequal fortune, namely, the occupation of Berlin in 1760, was the work of Count Haddik and his Magyar cavaliers. When peace was at length restored, the national debt was found to be greatly enlarged, yet the Diet, held in 1764, nobly resolved that the expenses neither of the court nor of the army should be sensibly diminished. The death of the Emperor Francis in 1765 left Maria Teresa still more free to develop her system of fusion and assimilation between Hungary and Austria, even though she had been pertinaciously opposed by the former in her endeavours to reform the mutual relations between the two classes of the nobility and the peasantry. Taking this last matter into her own hands, she directed a new code to be legally drawn up which formed the basis of all adjudication between the two classes till the year 1832, and improved the condition of the peasant in many points, giving him freedom to establish himself where he liked, and to bring up his children to liberal professions if he preferred them to his own mode of life. The Queen also undertook several ecclesiastical changes, increasing the number of bishoprics, limiting the numerical strength of the religious orders, and diminishing the political influence of the clergy, though she did not relax in her zeal and firmness against Protestantism.

Before the death of Maria Teresa in 1780, she had observed and combated the growing dislike of her son, the Emperor Joseph the Second, for the Magyar character, and for the persistency with which the nation advanced its claims, though he had himself been educated by Bathyani, the Cardinal Primate of Hungary, and in his early youth was on terms of great intimacy with the highest of the Magyar nobility.

Up to the very last the mutual affection existing between Hungary and its Queen remained unchanged, notwithstanding the half serious coquetry which had taken place on either side. The accession of Joseph the Second introduced a policy of centralization which had little in common with the reign just terminated. The Prince de Ligne humorously described Joseph as a man "of many wishes to which he would never give effect ; whose reign would represent a succession of baulked sneezes." His proposal of a single and perfectly united people assumed as granted the adhesion of strongly opposed nationalities, or else the complete submission of Hungary in default of its adhesion. The Emperor, unfortunately, was singularly wanting in the art of persuasiveness, and neither sought the consent of that unyielding country, nor attained to its domination. As for ecclesiastical questions, he rejoiced to see the suppression of the Society of Jesus, and besides forbidding devotion to the Sacred Heart, and interfering as far as he could with the use of indulgences, and with certain religious processions, he forbade the publication of Papal Bulls without the royal authorization, denounced the two Bulls *Unigenitus* and *In cæna Domini*, and substituted the name of the King for that of the Pope in the oath taken by newly consecrated bishops. At the same time a friendly hand was held out to the Protestants, who obtained the right to found a church and school wherever a hundred families of their body could be found, were freed from every oath offensive to their religious belief, and were specially protected in every point connected with religion. In mixed marriages, if the father was a Protestant, his sons must be brought up Protestants ; if a Catholic, all the children were to be Catholics. And although the Emperor professed a desire that each one of his subjects should elect to be a Catholic, he too evidently referred to a sort of "reformed" Catholicity from which the religious state was to be excluded, for within the limits of Hungary alone forty convents were suppressed, and more than fifteen hundred religious were pensioned and dispersed. The whole principle too of clerical training and instruction was to be reorganized according to the new and enlightened views of the royal reformer himself.

The two next acts of Joseph the Second were in direct violation of the national traditions of the Magyars. In the first place, he ordered the holy crown of St. Stephen to be transferred to Vienna, and to be there placed amongst the other

portions of the imperial regalia. In the next, the use of Latin was to be discontinued for that of German, according to the somewhat insulting expression of Joseph: "I am the sovereign of the Empire of Germany, my other States are but members of that body of which I am the head. Had Hungary been the chief state in my dominions, then would I have chosen its language." This last decision caused a prompt and widespread reaction from the concessions formerly made to Maria Teresa. Throughout every part of the kingdom, and even in the valleys of Transylvania, the word was passed along, not for illegal resistance or an appeal to arms, but for the restoration of the popular language, the study of their past history, the renewal of their patriotic songs. Revai, at once grammarian and poet, purified the language as spoken, and imparted a strength and elasticity to it worthy of its revived importance. He combined with others in establishing a national academy, and thus completely thwarted the Emperor's designs, who was not deterred, however, from giving fresh offence to the Magyar nobility. On the occasion of a new census, all ranks and classes were confounded together, and instead of the vigorous repression of the excesses committed by the Wallachian peasantry of Transylvania, Joseph extended the privileges of the peasants to the maintenance of their personal liberty, and in a great measure of their right of proprietorship. He was even emboldened to go further than this, and to resolve upon breaking up that interior constitution which both Leopold and the Turks had respected, and substituting for their provincial assemblies ten circles, each governed by a captain, who was henceforth looked upon as the especial organ of foreign despotism. In every circle a representative of the royal council decided questions of finance, in open defiance of past history and tradition. In the field of trade and industry the Emperor's aim was good, but his measures were mutually destructive, and came to nothing. Thus he laboured with marvellous assiduity in building up the ever-increasing dislike felt against him. Ecclesiastical, political, administrative, commercial difficulties were rising up fast on all sides; it wanted but an adverse war to complete the edifice, and his usual ill-fortune was not long in supplying the deficiency. A war inaugurated by Catharine the Second against the Turks seemed a good opportunity of adding to his hard-earned laurels, but a very insignificant campaign soon settled the question of his military reputation, and brought

the sovereign back with his troops decimated by fever; he himself being prostrated by chagrin and anxiety of mind. The menace of an insurrection on the part of Belgium frightened him for the first time into conceding one point, and he promised to convoke the Diet at the termination of the war. The enmity which his arbitrary proceedings had roused up, next threatened him with an attack from the King of Prussia, and made him surrender at all points. The holy crown was restored to its place, and almost all his public measures were reversed; an act of humiliation and self-condemnation which hurried on his death in the year 1790.

It was at a critical moment that the Archduke Leopold succeeded his brother as King of Bohemia. His past career as Duke of Tuscany gave promise of a prosperous and beneficent reign, and he now showed wonderful pliancy in ruling as a constitutional, after having ruled as an absolute, monarch. He neither kept secret his motives of action, nor did he allow himself to act hastily or imprudently. Soon after his arrival at Vienna the new King convoked a Diet for the month of June, to be held in the ancient fortress of Buda. And when the day arrived, two hundred and twenty-five princes, counts, and barons of the kingdom, and thirty-eight ecclesiastics, being archbishops, bishops, and priors, with the Cardinal-Primate, Bathyani, at their head, took their accustomed places under the presidency of Count Charles Zichy. The royal delegate was the lawyer, Joseph Urmenyi, President of the Lower Chamber. The clergy were represented by thirty-five abbots or canons elected by the several chapters, while the royal free-towns sent seventy-nine deputies to guard the interests of the bourgeois class. The chief influence lay with the hundred representatives of the county nobility. Leopold held himself aloof from all political agitation, and strengthened his relations with foreign powers, that he might be the less hampered in taking a firm line in the Diet. He especially desired to make his army one united body, instead of its remaining as heretofore a sort of federalism between the really distinct armies of Magyars, Croates, and Czechs; and he carried out his design with firmness and promptitude.

Meanwhile, though the King held tenaciously to his claim of hereditary succession according to the terms of the Pragmatic Sanction, his energy and independence produced the best effect, and his coronation took place amid the enthusiasm of

all classes, for had not their King restored the Magyar language and acknowledged their national sovereignty and primitive right of election, since he had followed their ancient customs in spurring his horse up the royal hill and brandishing his sword towards the four points of the horizon, and now actually wore on his brow the diadem of King Stephen. When he further authorized the Diet to elect a Count Palatine, it had the good grace to make choice of the youthful Archduke Alexander. After a reign of only two years, Leopold, in the height of his popularity, suddenly expired, and was succeeded by his son, Francis the Second, who thus became, at the age of twenty-five years, King of Hungary and Bohemia, and Emperor of the Romans.

When Francis came to the throne on the 1st of March, 1792, all the monarchies of Europe were in a critical state. He at once demanded the restoration to Louis the Sixteenth of his full powers, and the restitution of German territory in Alsace. War was declared by the Gironde against him, and he stood in need both of troops and money. The chivalrous devotedness of the Magyars was ready to make any sacrifice in behalf of a new *Maria Teresa*, and in manifestation of its own deep hatred for the Revolution. Several internal reforms had been promised, but the consideration of such matters was necessarily deferred in view of the grand cause being fought out, and all reaction was brought to a stand by the death of the chief Minister, Kaunitz, and the dictatorship of Thugut, who rose into power as a fanatical defender of both throne and altar without believing in either. This Jacobin held office for seven years, and professed great attachment to the letter of the Constitutions, while his aim was to make Hungary a simple, though brave and most serviceable, province of Austria.

The success of Thugut exasperated the patriots of the country, and unhappily divided them into two opposite camps: the aristocratic class became conservative royalists, the democrats had changed into revolutionaries and members of secret societies. From August, 1794, to February, 1795, arrest followed upon arrest. In the fortress of Buda alone fifty awaited trial for high treason: most of these were young men and were Magyar by race. Many prisoners were Catholics and engaged in preparing for Liberal professions, though a few men of noble birth were among them, and not a few were poets and *litterateurs*. On the 20th of May, 1795, five conspirators died with

fortitude on the scaffold: ten others were likewise condemned to death, though two only of the number actually suffered. The rest were placed in different strong prisons chiefly in the Tyrol, and the rigour of their long and mysterious confinement found an historian forty years afterwards in Silvio Pellico, and inspired the poetical plaint of Bacsanyi. Almost without interruption did the Hungarians for twenty-two years continue the struggle against the French Republic and Empire successively. The prodigious success of France, their rupture with Prussia, the extremity of Austria fired all the more the self-devotedness of the Magyars. Yet complaints were raised when four years had passed without the assembling of a Diet, though both levies and exceptional taxation were called for. The highest families made great sacrifices in arming conscripts and supplying corn and money. The Diet held in 1796, at which the King himself was present in Magyar costume, and used the potent name of Maria Teresa in his appeal to the devotion of his subjects, was in that light a complete success, for men, horses, and provisions were promised in case of an invasion. When Northern Italy was lost to them and the way lay open for the enemy up to Vienna and to the frontiers of Hungary, then the nobles armed with haste, and the Archduke Charles arrived at Leoben, where the famous preliminaries of peace were concluded. The truce agreed on at Campo Formio could justify no laying down of arms, and though the war had already cost Hungary one hundred thousand men and thirty thousand florins, yet the terrible campaigns of 1799 and 1800 were in great measure Magyar achievements, and their generals received well-merited praise. Colonel Barbaczy must indeed share with the Court of Vienna the blame of the treacherous assassination of the envoys of the Republic on their departure from the Congress of Rastadt; but it may be some excuse that he acted under military obedience when abetting that terrible crime. The battle of Marengo was fought almost entirely by Magyars, who bore the chief part both in the success and the disaster which marked that day. After this a new appeal was made to the nobles of Hungary, who had rendered such great service to Austria in preparing the way for peace, as well as in fighting on the battle-field, though it had been at the expense, in all, of double the number of lives already given, and of more than twice as many florins.

The war once over, Francis the Second again summoned

the Diet in 1802, and was received by it with the most cordial felicitations. How great then was the general disappointment when it was found that the assembly was required to waive its rights by voting the maintenance of the army on a permanent footing during the peace, and the increase of the taxes by a million florins. While the Government wished to form a large standing army, the deputies sought to reserve to themselves the right of arming when the defence of the country called for it, and they also feared lest permanent bodies of armed peasants should become a dangerous weapon for despotism. And, as another point, the Court tried to persuade the Diet voluntarily to renounce its acknowledged claims to fix the number of the conscripts and the length of their term of service. On this head the deputies would not yield; yet after long discussions between them and the magnates, the Diet granted six thousand recruits annually during the peace, and twelve thousand in case of war, with the obligation to serve for ten years. The result of the Diet was, that while the Government gained almost all that it wanted, the industries and material interests of Hungary itself were left entirely neglected. The country was, however, taught the necessity of doing the best it could to look after itself. Lands were drained; a canal was formed connecting the Theiss with the Danube; roads were engineered; a school for promoting agriculture was established; young men were sent into England to learn farming, and a little improvement was attained in cultivating their vineyards. Politics and literature were both attended to, and the native language was maintained in spite of the disfavour of the Court.

The spirit of revolution, as centred in the person of Napoleon, now become Emperor of France, had changed its tactics, and instead of propagating disorder and attacking the higher classes, it sought rather to destroy the independence of whole races, however much it pretended to be the champion of oppressed nationalities; yet from 1805 to 1808 the Magyars refused to perceive this. Francis the Second acknowledged Napoleon as Emperor, but made this act the excuse for assuming to himself the title of hereditary Emperor of Austria. This entirely changed the relative position of Hungary, which previously had retained somewhat of its independence as combining to form the Elective empire of Germany, but would now be a mere hereditary Austrian province, just like Styria or the Tyrol. It was evident that war was again imminent, and that an increase of levies

was expected. What might have been the temper of the Diet was a doubtful point. The capitulation of Ulm put an end to all hesitation with a race which could not refuse anything to their sovereign when in distress, however unpopular war might be, and even though they were themselves menaced with famine at home. Towards the middle of November the Hungarian frontier was threatened on two sides, through Styria on the south-west, and by way of Moravia to the north-west. Meanwhile the grand army remained at Vienna, and the army of Italy was on the Raab. The growing apathy and coldness of the Magyars now became more and more marked, and intelligence of this soon gained the ear of Napoleon, whose policy it was to win over the different nationalities that were at war with him. As on the one side he professed to sympathize with the Viennese, so still more did he desire to secure the goodwill of the Hungarians, and use it for the purpose of paralyzing the action of Austria. Both the people and their Palatine seemed inclined to favour his wishes. Indeed, the latter, on leaving Presburg for Pesth-Buda, directed General Palfy to announce to the French the intended neutrality of Hungary, and to take the offensive only if he found that neutrality not respected. Marshal Davoust was but too glad to benefit a nation so worthy of all esteem, and when he was ordered by the Emperor to occupy Presburg he left the Hungarians quite unmolested. The disastrous defeat of the coalition against France on the plains of Austerlitz rendered nugatory all private negotiations, and the peace of Presburg put an end to hostilities, though the position assumed by Hungary caused great indignation at the Court of Vienna, and prevented its receiving any letter of thanks for services rendered—an omission which cannot much surprise us.

The treaty of peace created quite a new and grand position for Hungary. Francis the Second soon renounced his title of Chief of the holy German Empire when it ceased to have any real meaning. Henceforth the crown of St. Stephen was to him the most important of all his diadems, the tie having been broken that united the Confederation of the Rhine with the Austrian possessions; and the true centre of the Empire was no longer Vienna, but the rock of Buda or the commercial town of Pesth. Francis was afraid of summoning a Diet, which, like the two former ones, might only cause him more anxiety. At length the letters were sent out, and the first sitting took place

on April 9th, 1807. Propositions of commercial advancement and financial reform were put forward only as a preamble to a fresh appeal for fixed legislation with reference to the military supplies and extra taxation necessary. For six weeks angry discussions lasted; war was denounced by the Lower Chamber as the greatest evil of the country, and though it consented to deliberate on the measures proposed, it would not extend its vote beyond the period of three years, while it called for the repeal of several recent measures, and demanded the execution of the promises made in 1792. The magnates refused to endorse these requisitions, and they were softened down into being a simple expression of the strong views of the assembly. The Government made new concessions, more apparent than real, with the oft-repeated result of obtaining the great sacrifices asked for. But the Hungarian youth, knowing well that they would be placed under German officers, were very tardy in enrolling themselves. The young deputy and orator, Paul Nagy, was summoned privately into the King's presence, and urged with threats and entreaties, not indeed to contradict himself, but at least to preserve silence. To this he consented, and a compromise was agreed upon, while men and money were duly voted for. Before the sittings of the Diet were over the Government fanned the flame once more by withdrawing the concessions lately made as to the suppression of paper money, the lowering of the custom dues, and the exportation of cattle, or of wine, except on certain burdensome conditions. Amidst renewed and universal indignation the Magyars were declared independent politically, financially, and commercially, and the principle of personal and external union was pronounced to be alone conformable to past laws and mutual engagements. Above all must the national language be preserved; and it was agreed that all public affairs should be transacted in that tongue, and that it should be used in the pulpit, and especially taught in all schools.

Within a few months all was changed. Napoleon had overturned the throne of Spain, and robbed the nation of its independence. After this warning there remained neither hesitation nor uncertainty in the language of the Diet. The public press, the pulpit, the poet's song, the professor's chair, all gave out the same utterance for victory or death. Nagy and the other chiefs of the Opposition retired from the field. Though there was no difference of sentiment as to the necessity of

immediate preparation for war, the deputies were slow to pass a vote of unlimited confidence, and many of them maintained that the King could not command the raising of so large a force without a special Diet. Still in case of unforeseen necessity, it was ruled that the Sovereign, the Primate, and the Ban of Croatia had the right to call the nobility to arms, provided it was the intention to convoke a Diet on the first opportunity. Ultimately King and people were in full accord, and enthusiasm and energy of preparation occupied the minds of both, extending itself even to members of the Jacobin school, and increasing as it went on. Yet there was a dark omen for the future in the import of the cry that resounded from every class and quarter, for the word passed was devotedness in defeat, courage even in the face of death, and the examples held up to feed this ardour were Zrinyi, Leonidas, Regulus, and others; all celebrated for heroism in defeat. How true though gloomy this presage was it required but a few days to show, when the left of the allied army was routed at Abensberg, its centre at Eckmühl, its rear-guard at Ratisbon. By the 1st of May Vienna was in danger, and the Empress Maria Louisa, along with the Archduke Ferdinand, sought refuge in the Castle of Buda. This was sure to please the Hungarians, and the Archduke Joseph, their Palatine, was invited to summon the nobles to a general rendezvous, for which a council of war fixed upon the strong town of Raab, on the river of the same name, near its junction with the Danube. Still greater disasters were soon reported. On the 13th of May the French entered Vienna, the Archduke Charles was about to risk all on the plains near Wagram, while the army of Italy had been driven back by Prince Eugene upon the frontiers of Hungary. Napoleon isolated the different defenders of Austria, and defeated each one separately.

The Palatine and Napoleon both addressed very able proclamations to the Hungarians, that of the latter being a masterpiece. The Magyar reply to it was given on the field of Essling. Upon it the rôle played by the Hungarians equalled their achievements during the second coalition. They were the first to begin and the last that were engaged in that blood-stained battle. The victory was claimed by Austria because Napoleon had to retire, the French proclaimed the victory to be theirs, shorn of its completeness only by the breaking down of the bridges across the Danube. Meantime eight thousand noble cavaliers and others, making twenty thousand in all, were

assembled at Raab, and thither Prince Eugene was ordered by Napoleon to march. The Hungarians occupied an excellent position, in truth, an impregnable one had they only remained in it, but they sent forward several battalions to protect the retreat of the fatigued troops of the Archduke John, and after the union had been effected the whole position of the Hungarian force was changed greatly for the worse. The pitched battle which ensued ended in the defeat and flight of the Hungarians, who had to retire on Comorn. Raab could no longer be defended, and General Pechy intimated to Prince Eugene that he would deliver up the place after six days, should no succour come meantime. The surrender of Raab took place on the 24th of June. This was the most disastrous to their credit of all the late reverses of the Magyars, and raised up a perfect storm of indignation and ridicule against them. The true cause is to be found, not in their want of courage, but in a deep and widespread sense of injury done them in the restraints placed by the Government on all military exercises not carried out exclusively under German direction, and in the impoverished state of the country, both as to money and war material. We may add, as another reason, that the Magyar soldier knew nothing of military tactics beyond the blind and furious charge, which, if it failed of effect, at once inevitably turned into a rout. He had no idea of manœuvres on the field or a sustained fight, and the chief blame of his inexperience did not lie with him, but with those who were now readiest to upbraid him. The Archdukes Charles and Joseph distributed numerous decorations, and after the honourable defeat of Wagram a new Hungarian army was in full force. Napoleon in vain renewed his offers to Hungary, for even when the Treaty of Vienna brought peace to Austria, and was soon followed by Napoleon's marriage with Maria Louisa, the news gave great annoyance to the Hungarians, who could not pardon the cession of those lands of the Adriatic which had belonged to the crown of Stephen.

Now that the Court was delivered from the fear of external dangers, the work of centralization was carried on vigorously by Prince Metternich, in a sense wholly opposed to the spirit of the Magyar constitution. Nothing could be worse than the financial state of the country, the issue of paper money ruinously multiplied, had in 1811 fallen below the tenth or twelfth part of its value. The Government, to avoid a partial national bankruptcy, engaged to call in the paper money at

the end of one year, and replace it by a fresh issue at not less than one-fifth of the value of the notes actually in circulation, guaranteeing to act similarly with respect to the debased coinage. In Hungary the despair and indignation were universal. The people were ready to make all necessary sacrifices, but refused to carry out any edict which did not proceed from the national Diet. The Emperor replied with the threat of his royal displeasure and of still more stringent measures if they remained obstinate, though the convocation of the Diet was granted, and the 29th of August, 1811, named for it. Francis the Second addressed to it a very severe letter, and three demands were made by the Government. The deputies maintained that urgency, however great, could not by itself change the law. The Palatine Joseph came forward as mediator, and when a dissolution seemed imminent, he himself went to Vienna. On his return, after six weeks, he was authorized to use more measured terms, but the demands themselves were repeated. The deputies made offers of their own, but especially resisted the advance of twelve million florins as tax for the maintenance of the army. The better feeling was destroyed by the impossible and unconstitutional terms imposed by the Court, and by the contempt and evasiveness manifest in its answers. The Diet was ordered to bring its session to a close on the 19th of May, when the storm of reproaches that burst forth forced the Government to adopt a gentler tone. Still the struggle continued, and the Diet was abruptly closed. This had scarcely been done, when a fresh demand came from the King for an auxiliary force to support Prince Schwartzenberg in the invasion of Russia, and the appeal was promptly and generously answered. Soon after, a final coalition had to be formed against the French, who had been their allies but for a day, and the Cabinet of Vienna refused to convoke a Diet, feeling secure that the self-love of the Magyars would never allow itself to be distanced by the patriotic movement in Germany. Nor was the hope disappointed, conscripts and contributions of corn, wine, and horses, all flowed in, yet with an air of independence which must have been sufficiently galling. On the 22nd of June, the Emperor, returning to Vienna after the abdication of Napoleon, thanked the Hungarians through a deputation. During the last effort of Napoleon a convocation of the Diet was yet once more eluded, but the victory of Waterloo arrested for a long time any further preparation for war.

From 1815 to 1848 the terms on which the Emperor stood with his Hungarian subjects remained little changed. The renewal of the military question, combined with financial difficulties, in 1821—1823, re-introduced the old struggle. The Diet of 1825—1829 laid down clearly the principles of the Constitution, and the King, acknowledging the illegalities which had been committed, promised that he would in future respect the laws of the State, and convoke the Diet every three years. The first occasion of its meeting was in September, 1830, after the breaking out of a fresh revolution in France, an event which called for a levy of a new contingent, and made the coronation of the young, though feeble, Archduke Ferdinand a clever stroke of policy. But the revolution was soon at an end, and as the Emperor found the Liberal Opposition strong on the point of requiring to know the motive and object of the royal mind, and inclined to assert its right of deliberation on the question of peace or war, he wished to dissolve the Assembly before January, 1831. This adjournment of the redress of grievances to another time was a well-known manœuvre, and caused indignant but futile complaints; the sole benefit to be gained was a re-confirmation of the Magyar as the only official language of the country. In 1833 the Diet met again, this time to do more efficient work. Young lawyers, authors, and members of the nobility managed to take their places in it as delegates, and amongst these was Louis Kossuth, who, long before his name became famous in Europe, enjoyed great reputation for the reports of the proceedings of each sitting, which he drew up in vigorous and graphic language. As regards the condition of the peasantry, great improvements were submitted for the royal signature. The full proprietorship of their land could be bought by them, neither their liberty nor their property could be affected without a regular legal sentence, and strict justice must be administered to them. It was a serious check to the Court of Vienna to learn of this voluntary reconciliation between the nobles and the peasants, which gave such new force to the strength of the whole nation. When the tardy response came, it asked for less radical changes, and towards the close of 1834 the discussions recommenced, to the great disadvantage of the lower classes; the nobles took up again their right of privilege, and the Government succeeded in discrediting the representatives in the eyes of their constituents.

In march of the year 1835, while the Diet was sitting,

Francis the Second died, after a reign of forty-three years, and was succeeded by Ferdinand the Fifth, who wore the national costume when receiving the deputation sent to felicitate him. Yet shortly afterwards the Government, being attacked by the societies in the person of Lovassy, by the journalist Kossuth, and by the eloquent harangues of Vesselenyi, ordered the arrest of these, and sentenced them, through the highest judiciary authority of the kingdom, to different periods of imprisonment. The elections before the new Diet of 1835 had not greatly lessened the strength of the Lower Chamber, but they had added several influential recruits to the ranks of the younger nobility, and the triple condemnation, combined with the exclusion from the Chamber of Gideon Raday, one of the deputies from Pesth, being regarded as a national insult, very angry speeches were delivered by Bathyani and Deak in accusation, not of the Emperor, but of his advisers. The royal policy sought to propitiate the disaffected by renewing former promises of abstention from the coercive measures of the past, if the Government were not submitted to the humiliation of a formal self-condemnation and apology for them. In 1840 no solution of the difficulty had been found, and the prisoners were still under confinement. M. Deak spoke eloquently in their cause, and since his spirit had always been as conciliating as it was firm, it was to him that the Archduke Palatine Joseph, himself the enemy of all rigorous acts and political excesses, addressed his answer; his efforts being likewise seconded by Prince Metternich. The forthcoming amnesty fully acknowledged that liberty of speech was contained within the law of the country, and that it would not henceforth be denied. Though general satisfaction followed the Diet of 1840, it did not signify more than a truce between the constitutional kingdom and the absolute Empire. The democratic movement which had set its mark on every other country did not spare Hungary. Pesth, among other towns, disregarded the constitutional changes, and converted its assemblies into clubs, wherein bold and angry discussions took place. The questions of race, language, and religion both envenomed and complicated the contest between the Radicals and Conservatives. Towards the end of 1842, in the Hungarian Academy, Count Szechenyi declaimed against the patriotism that sought to force the national tongue into every place, and the Democrats followed the lead of a Liberal aristocrat in departing from pure

Magyarism. At the elections in 1843, to the rivalry between races succeeded for a time that between classes, demanding whether the nobility were any longer to be free from taxation. Soon, however, the old hatred of race sprang up again between the Magyars and the Croats, and became every day more deep and widespread. The former accused the Cabinet of Vienna of pushing the feeling of hatred against them so far as to permit the admission of Russian influence, and to form an alliance with Panslavism; they also accused it of a design to deny them any material reform, and to arrest the progress of commerce and industry. The Diet broke up after passing a vote of defiance against the sovereign power. Thus the war began between the Magyars and the House of Austria in 1844, and was carried by the latter into those strongholds of Hungarian independence, the permanent provincial assemblies, the head of each of which, if obnoxious, was replaced by a royal administrator. Francis Deak, in the name of his party, drew up a list of grievances, and of the reforms deemed necessary. He claimed for Hungary complete civil equality, nearly complete political equality, and full liberty and independence under the royal House of Hapsburg. It was this act, aided by the zeal of young men of rank and of lawyers and poets in traversing the country as the apostles of liberation, and further enforced by the effects of a bad harvest, which gave such success to the opposition in the elections of 1847.

The Diet opened in December. As the conclusion, on the 3rd of March, of a long speech by Kossuth, an address to the King demanded the appointment of a separate minister to take charge of Hungary, and a Liberal constitution for the Austrian provinces. 'And this day inaugurated the threefold attitude of modern Hungary, revolution, reaction, and reconciliation. At first the magnates essayed a passive resistance, but gave way before the news of the revolution in Vienna. On the 14th of March the Diet proclaimed the abolition of all the feudal rights claimed by the State, the participation of the citizens in all political privileges, and universal suffrage in the election of deputies. Other demands, under twelve heads, were put forward by a society of young literary men in Pesth, and an irregular and revolutionary committee of public safety was set up. On the 23rd of the month a constitutional ministry was formed, of which the president was Count Louis Bathyani, while to Prince Paul Esterhazy was intrusted the delicate task of

keeping up relations with the Court at Vienna. Much evil was arrested by the continuance of the Chamber of Nobles, to whom was still reserved the right of vote, as also by the restriction of the vote to such citizens as possessed property of at least three hundred florins in value, or whose income amounted to one hundred florins. It was with difficulty that, through the new Palatine, the Archduke Stephen, a recognition was obtained from Vienna of the improvised ministry in all its branches, especially in those of war and finance. But Austria, seriously menaced by Italy and Germany, was not long in granting every point, and on the 10th of April the Emperor Ferdinand went to Presburg, where he was received amid general enthusiasm, which reached its height when he gave his sanction to the thirty-one laws passed by the Diet, and addressed the Palatine in the Magyar language. The chief, if not the sole, difficulty came from the conflict of races, and the proud and impatient jealousy habitually manifested by the descendants of Arpad towards the Slavs and Roumanians, to whom they refused all satisfaction or share in their greater freedom. It was vain to expect that the Slavs would submit in silence. Jellachich, the Ban of Croatia, was first disgraced and then restored, the Pragmatic Sanction was declared to have been violated by the Hungarians, and their territory was successively invaded by the Imperial army, by the Croatians, and finally by the Russians. At the same time Ferdinand abdicated in favour of his nephew Francis Joseph. The Diet protested against the act, and on the 14th of April, 1849, proclaimed the fall of the House of Hapsburg, and named Kossuth its president. It held the capital but for a moment, the revolution was extinguished by the rout of Temesvar and the capitulation of Vilagos. During the period of reaction violent repression was succeeded by the policy of centralization. Austrian laws replaced the Hungarian constitution, and the German took the place of the Magyar language. Then, after a partial restitution of the Diet, M. Deak, the truest type of the Magyar patriot, commenced a pacific and painstaking vindication of the traditional liberties of his country, in which he respected the rights of the sovereign as well as pressed the claims of his own race. At last full reconciliation came with the establishment in 1867 of the dualistic system under the title of the Austro-Hungarian Empire.

J. G. M'L.

A Loyal Catholic Cavalier.

PART THE FIRST.

FEW persons have proved themselves better entitled to the designation of a loyal Catholic cavalier than William Blundell of Crosby, Esq., (1620—1698), of whom, through the courtesy of Colonel Nicholas Blundell, the present representative of this ancient Lancashire race, we are enabled to furnish some particulars.

Born in 1620, he grew up amid traditions of religion and loyalty. His great grandfather, Richard Blundell, died a prisoner for the faith at Lancaster Castle in 1591, having been committed there with his son for harbouring a priest. This son, William, was often forced to lie all night in the open air, when his house was beset by pursuivants. On one occasion they remained in possession fourteen days, till Mrs. Blundell, weary of her long absence from home, went back and gave herself into their hands. She was taken to prison and kept there sixteen weeks, when she was fortunate enough to get some Justices to speak in her behalf, no crime having been laid to her charge. As her husband persisted in his recusancy, two thirds of his estate were seized by the crown and farmed out to courtiers. On one occasion he was proclaimed a traitor openly in the market place, and his goods would have been carried off, if he had not redeemed them by a heavy fine. The attachment of the Blundells to the Catholic faith was their only crime, for they were never compromised in any of the plots or pretended plots of the period. William, the subject of the present notice, must have witnessed as a child that remarkable scene, when a posse of constables, amid the sound of trumpets, violently levelled to the ground the cemetery which had been set apart in one corner of the park for the burial of Catholics. Interment in the parish ground at Sefton had been refused them and a body having been left at the road side, Mr. Blundell was moved to perform this work of charity,

for which and for another matter he was fined £2,000. The eldest son of this sufferer for the faith, Nicholas, died before his father who went to his reward at an advanced age in 1638. William, the second of the name was only eighteen when he succeeded to the estate, and must have snatched a hasty education in some foreign college, probably that of St. Omer's. But young though he was, he soon gave proofs of an industry and application which would have been remarkable at the present day. He began early in life to make transcripts of the noteworthy portions of works which he came across. These are all carefully written out and collected into several volumes. He was a diligent student of the Holy Scriptures, from which he made copious annotations. Many classical and religious writers contributed to his stores, and he collected from recent travellers curious particulars of what were then new and strange countries. These notes he placed under convenient headings, and the dates affixed prove that he continued the task of adding to them, till nearly the end of his career. The many critical remarks and judicious observations interspersed throughout these volumes show that he was a man of sound judgment and of great discernment. In proof of this, it is found that many of the improvements he suggests in social matters, (which he derived from his clear perception of the wants of the age in which he lived), have long since been adopted. His style has much of the strength of the best writers of his time, and if it wants something in polish, it is clear and to the point, nor is it either redundant or disfigured with pedantry. He was an admirable letter writer, and a vein of humour runs through his correspondence which relieves it from dreariness, so that his letter-box would afford remarkable specimens of what is now almost an extinct art. In the present notice only occasional extracts will be given, but it is hoped that a larger work will embrace such portions of his correspondence as may be read by others with interest and pleasure.

At the breaking out of the civil war, like a loyal Catholic cavalier, Mr. Blundell offered his services to his Sovereign, and was commissioned to raise one hundred men in support of the royal cause. Before he could muster the whole number he was summoned to Preston, where the royalist forces under Lord Strange were then assembling. Then followed the siege of Lancaster, and on the second day of the siege our young Cavalier had his thigh shattered with a cannon-ball. This

was on March 18, 1642. Thus at the early age of twenty-two he was rendered a cripple for life, and a constant prey to agues, rheumatism, and other infirmities which accompanied him to the grave. He was taken prisoner, but his state was so deplorable, that he was allowed to be carried to the house of Mr. Talbot of Dinkley, where he received every attention that the best friendship could render. Mr. Talbot had been his companion in arms and his fellow-prisoner. In later years, writing to Mrs. Talbot to condole with her on the recent loss of her husband, he reminds her of the "long week" which he spent at her house, when he was so tenderly nursed by her "in his sore infirmity."

There is an interesting reference to his early youthful and martial appearance in a letter dated 1651, and addressed to his sister-in-law, Margaret Haggerston. "I remember there was a young fellow not far from Haggerston, that told a friend of ours that would gladly have drawn him to the wars, that 'it was a great pity so gude a like man as he should be knocked o'th head.' You will remember what a pretty, straight, young thing, all dashing in scarlet, I came to Haggerston, when you saw me last. But now, if you chance to hear a thing come thump—thump up the stairs (like a knocker, God bless us, at midnight), look out confidently, and if you find it to have one heel and no other, a gross full body (of an ell or more i'th waist), with an old peruke clapt on a bald pate, do not fear, for all that the thing is no goblin, but the very party we talk of."

The dashing scarlet attire must have added to the attractions of his youthful figure, and such an apparition would find favour at other places besides Haggerston. If he could not entice a sturdy yoeman to the battlefield, another voice answered more readily to his call; for he drew his bride from that fair Northumbrian home. A happy married life was the result, notwithstanding fines, imprisonments, and persecutions which never seemed to end. In a later letter (1665) to the same lady, he alludes to his wife thus pleasantly:

"And now, when I speak of your ark, I must here acknowledge that the dove which was sent from thence some thirty years ago, hath saved from sinking our little cock-boat at Crosby, in many a storm."

His marriage with Ann, daughter of Sir Thos. Haggerston, Bart., must have taken place shortly before the fight at Preston, if it did not immediately precede it. In one of his observations

on the vicissitudes of life, remarking how rapidly sunshine and storms succeed each other, he says of himself:

"The day on which I perhaps felt the greatest happiness I ever remember to have had, was followed by the day on which (by incurring delinquency and meeting with my accident) I fell apparently into the greatest temporal disaster."

He says "apparently," for few men have understood better than he, the real value of sufferings. This is manifest throughout all his correspondence and notes. A letter which he wrote in 1665 to a lady in London, when the great plague was desolating that city, brings out this phase of his character in a striking manner. After exhorting his correspondent to courage and patience, he adds: "I have suffered myself something in former times, and this (as yourself can best witness) in an extraordinary manner, yet that I take now to be the greatest favour that ever God bestowed upon me since I came to the use of reason. And without that favour I have great reason to believe that all my temporal and eternal expectations had been utterly lost. *Affliction gives great understanding* and the pains of death itself patiently and religiously borne may procure for us eternal life. 'Thy will be done on earth as it is in Heaven,' is the balsam that cureth all. As long as you can heartily say this, your better part is safe, whatever becomes of your body. Sweet Jesus dispose of all to His own honour, and hear our prayers, and let our cries come to Him."

By the law of 1646 no Papist delinquent could compound for his estate. Consequently all Mr. Blundell's property was sequestrated and remained in the hands of the Commissioners for nine or ten years. His trials at this period in the loss of goods, and the ravages committed on his property were very severe. This following is a record of them preserved in his handwriting.

"The war between Charles the First and his Parliament began A.D. 1642. That year, March 18th, my thigh was broken with a shot, in the King's service. A.D. 1643, all my goods and most of my lands were sequestered for being a Papist and delinquent, as the prevailing party call the King's partakers. In the year 1645 my wife farmed my demesne at Crosby; and all her quick goods being lost, she bought one horse and two oxen to make up a team. A.D. 1646, November 13, I valued all my goods, and comparing them with my debts I found myself worse than nothing by the whole sum of £81 18s., my

lands being all lost. A.D. 1653. Till this year from the year 1646 inclusively, I remained under sequestration, having one-fifth part allowed to my wife, and farming only from the sequestrators my demesne of Crosby and the Mill. About Midsummer, 1653, my whole estate was purchased and compounded for with my own money for my use, so that in the month of February, 1653, I was indebted £1,100 7s., after which time I was so overcharged with care, debts, business, and imprisonments, that I think I took no account of the value of my goods till the year 1658."

Some of these disastrous years he spent at Haggerston, where his sterling qualities and unfailing good humour made him a general favourite. Writing from thence in Lent, 1656, to his uncle, the Rev. Christopher Bradshaigh, who was then chaplain at Scarisbrick, he says: "*Si loquamini Latinè bene est, nemo hic loquitur; venationi enim nimium indulgendo efficitur*, that we can neither write nor speak Latin, nor good English. I have a head full of hares and hounds, and my lines run rough and high, like my dun gelding. We shall hardly learn to pace (I mean homewards) till towards Whitsuntide. But notwithstanding these distractions, I have certain quotidian longings to see you and Scarisbrick. I shall hope then to settle a little my giddy, windy brain; and by your example to *redire in gratiam cum libris* (I had almost forgotten the phrase). If I have a will at any time to prayer, to study, to conference, I do remember those persons in your family that are eminent in all. We are here now in a place (you would think exceeding well) where they do not love and make much of us, but rather doat on and pamper us. Yet, indeed, a Scarisbrick oat-cake, with those good appurtenances, would be far more grateful to me than all their Leith oysters, their sturgeons, crabs, turbot, and lobsters, that are like to convert our Lent fare to a Christmas."

His correspondent died at Scarisbrick twenty-two years later, and was buried at Ormskirk, on March 21, 1678, as appears from the parish church register, where he is entered as Dom Christopher Bradshaigh de Scarisbrick.

In the same year and from the same place Mr. Blundell addressed the following letter to the Rev. John Walton, S.J., who had been his chaplain at Crosby and had been obliged to leave through ill-health:

"I received your letter of farewell long since, and if you had dealt less cruelly, by writing less kindly, I could sooner have

returned an answer. That part which belongs to my wife she returns you in prayers and tears, but these (as you know best) are generally much wanting in her husband. Yet he confidently believes now that he prays very heartily (among other blessings) for your health. Just so do I pray for my purgatory in this world, both wishing and fearing the smart. If you happen to recover now, we would not murder you again at Crosby for all the world. If you linger still in the same manner, I have petitioned your Master already to return you thither, and as long as these fearful hopes of mine are like to continue, so long shall your poor old cabin remain undisposed of to any other.

"... Your doctrine and your own great example would teach us patience if we could imitate as well as remember. Here in the north we have good store of diversions from domestic thoughts; at home we shall find it (by not finding you) to be much otherwise," &c.

This letter shows the affectionate relations which subsisted between his family and the members of the Society of Jesus who resided with him. About ten years later we find the Rev. Francis Waldegrave, S.J., residing at Crosby. Of him he writes: "We derive much comfort from good Mr. Waldegrave." This Father Waldegrave subsequently went to Lydiat Hall, where he died 1701, and is buried in the ruined chapel commonly called Lydiat Abbey. Mr. Blundell's sons, Nicholas, the eldest, and Thomas, became priests of the Society; the former dying abroad in his father's lifetime, and the latter surviving to a good old age.

In the repurchase of his estate, Mr. Blundell employed the intervention of his cousin, Mr. Roger Bradshaigh (afterwards created a baronet) of Haigh and Mr. Gilbert Crouch. Sir Roger was the first Protestant of his line, and owed his perversion to the instrumentality of the Earl of Derby, whose ward he had been. The family is now represented through an heiress by the Earl of Crawford and Balcarres, who resides at their fine mansion of Haigh Hall near Wigan, and possesses the valuable coal mines with which the property abounds. In addition to the sum paid for his estate, Mr. Blundell found himself charged with certain arrears for recusancy, which were said to be owing to the State from the days of Queen Elizabeth. It appears that the lands had been granted to sundries, with a reserved rent to the Crown, which in many cases had not been discharged. It might have been supposed that such

arrears were due, not from Mr. Blundell, but from the parties who had the benefit of the recusancy. The Commissioners however, affirmed that the charges lay upon the estate, nor would they surrender it until the whole amount of these monstrous charges (£1,667 15s. 6½*d.*) was satisfied. Moreover, they saddled him with the expence of making out the bill which is twenty feet long and cost £34 10s. 2*d.*, as Mr. Blundell takes care to record. In these days the least mercy that a debtor has a right to expect from his creditor is that he will condescend to be at the trouble and expense of setting down the particulars of his claim. Might, however, was then right, and the only satisfaction his descendants can derive from this precious document, which is still preserved at Crosby, is the privilege of unrolling it now and then, to remind them of the loyalty and faith of their ancestor.

Notwithstanding his losses, Mr. Blundell could write thus pleasantly to a gentleman in Ireland, who seems to have been formerly his agent, but finding the land bare, had gone to serve a richer master: "1653, September 3. That your salary is well augmented and a good house settled upon you, in good faith I am heartily glad. But that the fifth part of my lands, the late relief of my wife and children, is taken quite from them, and sold with all the rest to another, I am sure you are heartily sorry. Your expectation of your first jolly boy or girl comes now very seasonable, in so brave a height of your fortune; but that my old wife should bring me out my ninth brat the very day my land was sold, showed neither fortune nor policy. It is true, indeed, that the person who hath bought my estate is not so much my enemy that I need complain of the bargain, and that ninth little thing I tell you of, finding this mad world so troublesome, is craftily run into another."

Soon after he came to the estate, and before his marriage, Mr. Blundell had paid a visit to Dublin, where he found the unfortunate Earl of Strafford keeping court in great state. He has noted down an interesting reminiscence of this visit, which, as it relates to a celebrated historical character, we give in his own words:

"I saw the Earl of Strafford in Dublin (June, 1639) when he was then Lord Deputy in far greater state (in some respects) than the King of England. The Earl of Ormond (now Marquis) was pointed out to me riding in the Deputy's own troop. I saw one princely stable of the Deputy's wherein I

judged the worst of sixty horses for the great saddle, to be worth £30. He was an excellent orator, as appears by his speeches at the bar, and a passing wise man. A colonel of Parliament told me that beyond the seas it is reported of England that it produceth but one wise man in an age, and that the people gaze on him awhile as a monster, then cut off his head: so, said he, did they do by Sir Thomas More and the Earl of Strafford. This story I was telling to the present Earl, his son, who told me (September 1, 1659) that the King of Sweden's Ambassador at London did very lately procure there for his master (by his especial command) the pictures of those very same two wise persons I mentioned. His lordship told me further that his father's paternal estate was £4,000 to £5,000 per annum, which he lived to double, but dying in about £80,000 debt, he himself had sold (one-fifth part too cheap) about a moiety of the said estate, to pay the aforesaid debt. £20,000 of this debt was incurred by being surety for the King at the beginning of the war in Yorkshire.

"The Earl of Strafford, upon the scaffold, left as a prime precept to his son, that he should not meddle with Church lands, for they would prove a canker to his estate.

"The King said to the Parliament that the misdemeanours of the Earl were so great that he was not fit to serve the place of a constable. Yet there is no question but these expressions did not proceed from any just will in the King, but only to have saved his life. The loss of this (by his Majesty's consent) did wonderfully afflict and scruple the King, as appeareth by the sad expression he used to the Earl of Carnwath, from whom I received it."

We have not met with the "sad expression" to which he alludes, though no doubt it is to be found somewhere amongst his notes. A writer in *Fraser's Magazine*, some time ago, endeavoured to prove that Charles willingly consented to the death of Strafford, but surely Mr. Blundell's view is the true one. Most certainly the character of this weak Prince would have stood higher with posterity if he had broken the first lance with his Parliament on behalf of so faithful a servant. It is to the Earl of Carnwath that Clarendon ascribes the loss of the battle of Naseby, and the conversion of a victory into a defeat. The fight was half won, and the King was pressing forward at the head of his guards, when the Earl seized the bridle of his horse, and turned it round, saying, with two or three full-

mouthed Scotch oaths, "Will you go upon your death in an instant?" His followers, seeing the King turn his back, lost courage, and fled in disorder.

Although Mr. Blundell could no longer, by reason of his sad accident, aid the royal cause in the field of battle, he promoted it to the best of his power by keeping up communications with the Royalists. There is a copy of what he characterizes as a "dark letter," written to Mr. Francis Parker, who was probably the Jesuit Father living at that time, and mentioned in Dr. Oliver's *Collectanea*. To this letter he appends the remark, that it is only to be understood by previous passages between the parties. A copy of another letter has been preserved, addressed to the Governor of the Isle of Man, at the period when it was in possession of the Earl of Derby. He gives sundry pieces of information which he desires may be communicated to the Earl, and adds that he would have written to the Earl himself on that and on other occasions if he had not supposed that he was otherwise kept well advised of the state of affairs. He was probably looked upon as a dangerous enemy to the Commonwealth, and in the early part of 1657 was again a prisoner at Liverpool. The following year he procured a pass from Colonel Gilbert Ireland, which he made use of to escort two of his daughters to France for the purpose of embracing a religious life. The travellers were in London at the time of Cromwell's death, and were prevented for a time from prosecuting their journey by the shutting up of the ports. At Rouen they received many civilities from Mgr. Blondel, an Advocate, to whom Mr. Blundell afterwards addresses a Latin letter respecting the different branches of his race existing in England, and claiming descent from Norman progenitors. He remained some time in France, chiefly at La-Flèche, and passed over, in 1660, to Breda in Holland, attracted no doubt by the gathering there of the Royalists, who were preparing to attend their King back in triumph to his kingdom. He had a personal interview with Charles the night before his embarkation, and renewed the offer to him of his life and fortunes. In fact, he seems to have come to Dover in the same ship, for he tells the following curious circumstance as happening on the voyage.

"I was present in the ship (about five miles from Dover) two or three hours before King Charles the Second landed in England, on Friday, May 25, 1660, when the King (by reason of an accident) took his own measure, standing under a beam

in the cabin upon which place he made a mark with a knife and sundry tall persons went under it, but there was none of them that could reach it. After all I went under it myself and turning in the ends of my thumb and my little finger I set the knuckle of my thumb, stretched out as much as could be, upon my head, and turning up the knuckle of my little finger (borne up as stiff as might be) I found it did touch directly the mark which the King had made. So that I find myself to be about five inches lower than that mark; and I think I am three inches lower as I stand in my high-heeled shoe than I was before I was lame."

In his visits to Knowsley, Mr. Blundell had frequent opportunities of conversing with Charlotte, Countess of Derby, who so gallantly defended Lathom House. He has noted down only a few of her remarks, and we should have been glad to have learned more of so famous a personage. He heard her say on one occasion that since the cessation of miracles, she had not heard of a greater wonder than the preservation of Lathom. This Lady was the daughter of the Duke de la Tremouille, the head of a famous Huguenot family. In another place he says:

"She was pleased to tell me that she was then one of the five heirs of Madam Mamsel d'Orleans, whose estate was £60,000 per annum. There was then a report that that lady was to marry King Charles, which the Lady Derby seemed heartily to wish, though it was like to destroy her own expectation. The Duke (her brother) refused (as she said) one hundred years purchase from Richelieu for his dukedom; but he answered that he would part with that and his life together. It may be that I did mistake some of these stories, by defect of my Lady's English."

There are many charming little anecdotes interspersed amongst the numerous notes which our hero has left behind him, and as we have brought his career down to the restoration of King Charles, we will conclude with one in his lighter vein which has reference to the times we have had under review.

"I knew an old wandering beggar by name Hesketh of whom I have credibly heard this tale. He understood one time that a company of young gallants (most or all of them Catholics) were passing through Downholland towards Scarisbrick. It was in the times of the usurpation and in the summer season. The man, being very old, had his grandson to attend

him, whom he commanded to go aside ; then he threw himself into a puddle and wallowed therein. The gallants coming to the place asked him what he was. He replied : ' I will never deny myself to be a Catholic, and because I am so, your comrades the troopers that went before you have beaten and used me thus ; and now I do expect you will kill me outright.' Hereupon the soft-hearted gallants made a contribution of twelve or fourteen shillings. Which when he had got, and the gentlemen passed away, he called to his boy and said : ' Here is a trick that will serve you when you grow to be old.' "

T. E. G.

Our Librarians.¹

It is no longer a difficult thing to procure books. Any number of shelves might be filled in a few hours by a wealthy tradesman whose illiterate ambition could be content to value books chiefly by weight and multitude. Whether we are tolerant of trash, or look on in mute despair at the cart-loads of deleterious stuff which are flung upon the market, the work of book-creation is a fact of our age which must be recognized and encountered. The books are there, good, bad, and harmless, in clustering millions, and the question is what to do with them?

That question may not admit of easy solution now; but it will grow in difficulty with every year, if our librarians procrastinate. No "voice that man can trust" will declare which are the books worth keeping in every department of knowledge; no human energy is equal to the task of final selection, no human justice can distribute impartial praise and blame to all the authors of even a single year. When books which violate the decencies of life, and the first principles of natural religion, can scarcely in the floating state of popular opinion be withdrawn from circulation, it is obvious that less offensive, though utterly worthless, compositions will suffer no restriction by external force. It seems probable that they will multiply beyond all experience, for with ever increasing facilities afforded to those who are desirous of rushing into print, more feeble motives will be found sufficient, until printed matter will come to stand in much the same relation to spoken words as speech to thought, and that which we regard as a raging flood may seem to our next descendants like a modest stream.

Our librarians, with a high and honourable sense of the responsibilities either already pressing upon them or shortly awaiting them, have addressed themselves to the task of removing in the present and averting in the future some part

¹ *Transactions and Proceedings of the Conference of Librarians held in London, October, 1877.* Trübner and Co. 1878.

of the inevitable confusion. If books cannot be separated by competent authority into the precious and the vile, it remains that they be catalogued in the best manner; and if all books are not good for all readers, it is desirable that those books which are useful to particular readers should be placed within their reach. The various minor questions which belong to these two great problems of bibliothecarian science, the convenient storing and the intelligent indication of books, will be best learned from a rapid survey of the subjects discussed at the Conference held last year in the lecture-theatre of the London Institution, under the able presidency of the then librarian of the British Museum, Mr. Winter Jones, who has very recently retired from office.

American thoughtfulness and public spirit led the way in these interesting inquiries. The idea of a general Conference of Librarians is of very recent conception. The first meeting took place in the year 1853, in New York, eighty persons being present. The proposal to form a permanent association, though warmly approved on that occasion, was allowed to sleep for twenty-three years, until in 1876 the Centennial Exhibition, rousing all the best energies of a great nation, woke that latent thought among the rest. A second Conference was convened at Philadelphia, at which one hundred and two American citizens and Mr. James Yates of Leeds were present. The establishment of the American Library Association and the issue of the *American Library Journal* were the abiding results.

Six months later Mr. Nicholson, librarian of the London Institution, invited the metropolitan librarians to meet at the London Library and discuss the advisability of calling a general Conference, in imitation of the good example set by their brethren in America. The project was approved, and an organizing committee was formed at once. Invitations were addressed to all the libraries of Great Britain and Ireland and to the principal libraries of America and the Continent, with an accompanying "Rough List of some Leading Subjects." The zealous endeavours of the committee met with hearty cooperation on all sides. The Conference took place on the 2nd, 3rd, 4th, and 5th of October, 1877. The discussions were attended by the representatives of 140 libraries, the number being thus constituted: Belgium 1, Denmark 2, France 4, Italy 1, United States 17, Victoria 1, and Great Britain and Ireland 114. The Library Association of the United Kingdom was formed, and

The Library Journal, no longer confined to America, was to be the common property of the two sister Associations.

The work was now fairly begun. The public interests for which the assembled librarians sought to provide by interchange of ideas and voluntary combination are more important and more varied than simple-minded persons may at first be willing to believe. We have already intimated that they fall under two greater divisions, to wit, how to keep and place our books, and how to help the reading world to know them and get at them (or avoid them).

The most universal of all the questions hitherto discussed, because it concerns absolutely every publication that can even by courtesy be called a book, forms the subject of a paper read by Mr. H. Stevens. He advocates the cataloguing of every book, trash included, that sees the light. "A human soul," he argues,² "that is once in existence, or a book that is once in print and published, you cannot well put out of existence. You may kill it, or cut it up in a review, or let it go astray and get lost, or neglect to buy it, but it exists nevertheless, and like sin, or the lost book of Michael Servetus, is always liable to break out, and should therefore be provided for and against. If villanous, watch and reform or impound it." He thinks that this universal bibliography could be made practicable in spite of the vast labour it would involve, if only a well organized cooperative system rendered the work done by one librarian serviceable to all the rest. At present, time and money and energy are wasted because each skilled workman keeps his results to himself. Mr. Stevens submits to the Conference an ingenious proposal to establish a central clearing-house for the exchange of titles, carefully prepared once for all, with photographed *fac similes* of the title-pages in the case of rare and valuable books. The scheme seems to us likely to remain in the region of "*futuribilia*." No pride of universal toleration will ever make Englishmen consent to spend vast sums in cataloguing millions of books which were written, not for immortality, but for an immediate return in cash. Great heaps of books are printed which are not destined to be read five years after publication, because the highest ambition of the authors is to catch some fancy of the passing hour. By *trash* ought not to be meant that which nobody will care to read, but that from the reading of which nobody will derive any profit.

² P. 70.

Unfortunately this definition applies to very many books, and of very many more it would be true to say that they are not worth recording in a national catalogue, and that all the notice which they deserve is intentional omission. Novels might safely be excluded till their merit had stood the test of a few years of constant reading, or had received some public recognition. Any work of fiction of real excellence will not be allowed to die.

This brings us to another much debated and very interesting subject of discussion—the usefulness of popular works of fiction. Opinions are very much divided upon this point. Perhaps the conclusions pretty generally arrived at may be summarily given by saying that the question is to be considered under two different aspects, the social and the educational. Socially considered, only immoral books are to be completely condemned, because all others, however silly or vulgar, may do good service in keeping men out of mischief, and if they fill some foolish heads with idle fancies, they may be instrumental in saving families from the multiplied horrors of drunkenness. Educationally considered, the usefulness of works of fiction seems to have been overrated. The experience of Mr. Cowell, librarian of the Free Public Library of Liverpool, is very disappointing. He is obliged reluctantly to confess that, as far as his opportunities of observation have enabled him to judge, the reading of inferior works of fiction does not create a taste for reading of a higher order. The analysis of the reading in the Reference Department of the Liverpool Free Library for the year ending the 31st of August, 1877, gives the following instructive results, which we put into round numbers. Rather more than 450,000 volumes were issued. Of these 170,000, or more than one-third, were Novels strictly so called. Miscellaneous Literature, made up in large part of magazines and bound volumes of the *Graphic*, *Punch*, &c., takes the second place to the number of 125,000 volumes. History with Biography, and the Mechanical and Fine Arts, give the one just over, the other just under, 27,000 volumes; Theology, 22,000 volumes; Poetry, 17,000; Travels, 14,000; Science, 12,000; and other classes in gradually lessening numbers till Political Economy closes the list with 2,715 volumes. Mr. Cowell, in summing up his remarks, declares it to be his opinion³ that “the theory of a regular upward progress of reading from lower-class novels to the higher departments of literature is rather of the nature of a fiction itself; that in the

³ P. 66.

interests of the people it is wise not to supply novels at all unless they are of the best and purest character; that successful inducements to read may be found in illustrated and other periodicals, and in newspapers, and that a too liberal supply of novels tends to foster a taste for them at the expense of books of a more useful and profitable character." He had declared before⁴ rather sorrowfully that the better class novels containing graphic description "of places, costumes, pageantry, men, and events," are not the most popular. He finds, however, in the special room for students, which is largely attended, that a great deal of good work goes on.

It may be taken for granted that both socially and educationally public libraries are useful institutions, and that the Conference of Librarians did not spend much time in discussing what to them, of all persons, would be a self-evident fact. When, however, we have cheerfully conceded that much, we need a great deal of information about the best mode of establishment. First catch your librarian. It is worth while to take time for reflection. Not every man, or even every able man, is fitted to have charge of a library. His very excellence, if it be of the wrong order, will incapacitate him for the discharge of his arduous duties. He must not be a specialist, he must not be too deep a student, he must love books, but in an unselfish way, not that he may read them, but that he may cause them to be read. Mr. Mark Pattison, quoted with approval by the President of the Conference in his inaugural address, has said that "the librarian who reads is lost." The more varied his knowledge is, the better will he be qualified for the duties of his office. He may be profoundly learned when he undertakes the administration of his library, but from that time he devotes himself to a work which forbids all fresh profundities, and has for its speciality, universality. He must not bury himself in any books, but must take a living interest in all.

The man who proposes to himself to be a good librarian must be satisfied with knowing an infinite variety of things; he must be content with a general insight into the various faculties, but must not endeavour to be great in any (p. 8).

The President also insists much upon linguistic attainments.

A librarian who does not understand several languages besides his own, will find himself constantly at a loss. . . . He will be dependent on others, which is an unsatisfactory position for a librarian.

⁴ P. 64.

Not earlier in order of time than the capture of a librarian, but even more essential in the formation of a library, is the collecting of books. Should this primary duty be intrusted to a committee? The President thinks that, as the librarian must in any case be a man to whose judgment the friends of the library would be willing to defer, it is better that one man thoroughly competent should be singly responsible for the selection of the books which he may judge to be best suited to the character of the institution, than that, to the destruction of unity of plan, the choice of books should be made by compromise between the varying views of several members.

After a librarian has been chosen and made responsible for the contents of the library, there are many material arrangements which experience has suggested in late years for the better keeping of the books. They must be bound, and that not once only. They must be protected from dust and other injurious influences. They must be in the right place, packed with due economy of space, but not piled up too high for easy access. Only librarians can say what an alarming item of expenditure is the binding of books. It is not enough to set apart a good sum for the purchase of books, but there should be an estimate of the outlay required for conservation and restoration of volumes in use. The key to the difficulty is in the magic properties of *buckram*. The librarian of the London Institution, who was one of the secretaries of the Conference, Mr. Nicholson, throws much light upon this eminently practical question. Hitherto all ordinary materials have been found inadequate to resist the evil influences to which books are exposed. The choice has been between wearing out by friction in the course of being read, or perishing by decomposition on the shelves. Cloth soon succumbs to reading, leather cannot live long in a heated atmosphere. *Morocco* lasts comparatively well, *calf* does some service before its departure, but *russia* is of little avail. Hitherto the slower process of decay has been generally laid to the blame of the gas. "The city gas inspector tells me, indeed, that by applying the tongue to a book you can often taste one of the chemical constituents of gas." Nevertheless it seems that if it share the blame, gas is not the only or the chief cause of the damage. The nearer the ceiling the books are placed, the more rapid is the dissolution of their outward frame; but fatally for the former theory, this effect of a higher elevation is observable where never gas has been.

Now *buckram*, a substance once better known in England than it is now, possesses in a high degree the two different kinds of durability which belong to cloth and leather, and which may be compared to constitutional strength and muscular strength.

I believe [says Mr. Nicholson,⁵] that every difficulty will be met by the employment of buckram, which is nothing more than a stout linen with a somewhat open web. Being a cloth, it is proof against heated air, and being much firmer than ordinary cloth, it rubs to a far less extent, and does not tear at all.

It is true that buckram is more useful than ornamental as a binding material, but measures are being taken to improve its appearance. Even the most durable materials are not imperishable, and every effort ought to be made to diminish the destructive agencies. Good ventilation is almost as necessary for the health of books as for the health of readers.

When the books are bound, the far more difficult question remains to be answered. How are they to be arranged in the shelves? In small collections of books each librarian may with impunity follow his own fancy, but to stow away in good order the regiments of books in the British Museum Library demands the eye and the soul of a Napoleon Buonaparte. Where is the beginning to be? In Melbourne the reading-room library starts from works on sponges;⁶ in London we begin with the Bible. After we have resolved to give precedence to the Bible we have to decide which particular copy shall have the first place on the first shelf, and so we find ourselves entangled in the meshes of many possible plans for subdivision, to be formed according to time, place, language, authenticity, dignity, or other considerations. The vastness of our literary stores may be surmised from the statement that a printed catalogue of the existing collection in the British Museum would fill forty or fifty folio volumes, and would cost £100,000.⁷ There are nearly 700 subdivisions. Mr. Garnett explains the system of classification on the shelves which is in actual use. The Bible, as we have said, holds the place of honour, as surely it ought to do⁸ among books; and among Bibles entire copies go before partial copies, originals before translations, Hebrew and Greek before Hebrew or Greek, ancient before modern. Concordances lead to Commentaries, and in these again it is to be considered whether the whole Bible or particular portions are concerned. Then we

⁵ P. 125.⁶ P. 109.⁷ P. 143.⁸ P. 109.

have "the Bible in contact with society:"—Liturgy, Prayer-books, Creeds, Catechisms. Then Dogmatic Theology, classed according to languages, Greek, Latin, the Latin derivatives, and Teutonic. Then the general theology of each nation. Then follows everything connected with religious teaching ending with Mythology and Judaism. After this Church History, Missions, Religious Orders (including Freemasons), Religious Biography and Religious Bibliography; and here ends what may be called, in the widest sense, Divine law. Human Law follows. Next Biology, including Natural History and Medicine. Then Art—Fine Art and Useful Art, Philosophy, Political Economy, Mathematics, Physical Science. Finally, History, Geography, Biography, Poetry, Belles Lettres, Philology.

The question of classification on the shelves pales before the other question of cataloguing books. When once we have placed our finger on the title of our book in the catalogue, the simplest reference to a particular shelf of a particular press will suffice to guide us to where it is, whether it has a logical right to occupy that particular place or not; but to enable us to find our book easily and surely in the catalogue is a problem which has cost much thought to clever brains working to reduce to rule and system the varied experience of many years. Even now it cannot be said that any uniformity of practice, or even of theory, has been arrived at.

"There is no branch of the work of the librarian," says the President of the Conference, "which has given rise to so much discussion within the last forty years as that of cataloguing. The battle of short titles or full and accurate titles has been fought with as much pertinacity as that of the broad or narrow gauge for railways."⁹ Whether the general arrangement is to be by the author's names or by classification of subjects must be decided in the first place. To say that it would be better to have both is to propose to double the cumbersomeness of the catalogue. An alphabetical list of the author's names commends itself by its simplicity, but it assumes that the author's name is known, and it introduces us to the truly alarming controversy about anonymous books, and to endless discussions about the spelling of foreign names, and the discrimination of double names, translated names, true and assumed names. Shall we say Schwartzerd or Melanchthon, using the vulgar or the classic form of the same name? Shall we say Dante or Alighieri?

⁹ P. 9.

Shall we say Proctor or Barry Cornwall? Shall we put in or leave out *De* and *De la*, and *Von* and *Van der*? If we take the name as it occurs on the title page we shall often scatter far asunder the works of one man who has adopted different names or forms of one name.

If the alphabetical arrangement of authors' names is the plan which we decide to adopt, how, after settling all difficulties in the names given, shall we deal with books to which no author's name is attached. It is necessary to make what we can of the titles. Many books have titles which might have been expressly devised to give trouble, either because they contain only very ordinary words, or because they contain too many remarkable words.

The object of compiling a catalogue is not to register the books according to a code of rules known to the registrar and not intelligible to others without a preliminary course of study, but to put the books into such order that any educated person may find what he wants with no more delay than is required for selecting the right volume of the catalogue and turning over the leaves. A book in a model catalogue should be as a recognized word in a faithful dictionary. The dictionary may be of considerable size, but the word will infallibly reveal itself to any student who cares to find it. The principles which regulate the registration of the titles of books in a catalogue may be delightfully simple in themselves, but unless they are generally known into the bargain their simplicity will not help a stranger. It would seem to be a very simple rule to take the first word in a title, whether it be a conspicuous word or not, but if I am not aware of that rule I may look out for *Island of Cyprus* under the name *Cyprus*. The whole question bristles with exceptional cases and classes of cases. No sooner was a rule excogitated than it was found necessary to modify it. If we propose to take, in every case, the very first word of the title, immediately we find it necessary to except the definite and indefinite articles and demonstrative pronouns. Then the question arises of the treatment of prepositions and personal pronouns and adverbs, and even adjectives, which are sometimes important, often utterly insignificant, parts of a title. To take some examples. The object being to promote quick discovery it would seem unwise to put *In Memoriam* under the very common word *In*, though it might be quite reasonable to put *Through the Dark Continent* under the less common *Through*.

No one would search unbidden for *A Very Curious Adventure* under the word *Very*, or for *It is a Strange World we Live In* under *It*; but all would naturally look for *Westward Ho!* under *Westward*, and for *Thou art the Man* under *Thou*. The rule of taking the first word could not stand without so many modifications that it would be virtually transformed into quite another rule, that, namely, of taking the first sufficiently important word. But here we find ourselves at the beginning of our troubles. The term *sufficiently important* is so elastic and relative that it opens the way to great difference of opinion. If we are looking for *A Journey on Horseback through the Morea*, shall we presume that the writer of the catalogue considered *Journey* sufficiently important, or shall we conjecture that he would prefer *Horseback*, or would even go at once to *Morea*? The President of the Conference speaks with much feeling about the difficulty of devising any simple and therefore satisfactory method of dealing with the titles of books. We learn from him that when it was first proposed to throw together into one the several catalogues of the British Museum, which had been compiled at different times and upon independent lines, it was thought that about thirty rules would settle every doubtful point. The thirty rules, it appears, soon grew to ninety-one.

The arrangement by classification of subjects has difficulties of its own. There are few things about which men entertain so great a variety of opinion as the proper generalization of particular departments of study. It has even been argued that History is only a part of Biology. "The life of a distinguished individual may be more nearly allied to history than to biography. What is the exact class under which works on canals should be entered? Is it known to every unscientific reader that peat moss is a mineral?" One way out of the difficulty is to enter each doubtful subject under all reasonable headings, and refer by cross entry to the one actually adopted, but this is clumsy and unscientific to the last degree.

Perhaps the best method, and the shortest and least expensive in the end will be to disregard all considerations of time, trouble, and expense, except that most legitimate and very considerable economy of rejecting what by *prima facie* evidence is trash until it can show some proof that it possesses a permanent and national value. By hard work and large expenditure two Catalogues, the one Alphabetical, the other Classified, might be so constructed as to supplement each other by cross

references, and then we might rest satisfied for the present with the efforts of our librarians.

Mr. Garnett¹⁰ calls attention to an "incidental circumstance," to which we should almost decree the honourable title of a "providential appointment." It is, as he says, a fact of great importance, though hitherto known to few, that besides the triplicate copies of the titles of books produced by a "manifold writer" on tissue paper, a fourth copy has been consistently kept and arranged, not like the other three in alphabetical order, but following the classification of the books on the shelves. Here is ready to hand "without the nation having incurred any cost beyond that of the pasteboard boxes," a very respectable foundation upon which to build up a classified catalogue, and we may echo Mr. Garnett's hope that aid may be forthcoming to complete a task already so far accomplished. Readers in the provinces are naturally desirous to have some means at hand of finding out for themselves without a visit in person or by proxy to the British Museum whether the book which they desire is in that collection. The question of printing the Catalogue has been vehemently debated. Mr. Winter Jones is amused by the suggestion of one reader that the Catalogue would "occupy so much less space in print than in manuscript, and it would be so much more convenient to have the Catalogue on his table for consultation than to have to go to the presses of the reading-room for it."

It is certainly only right that as all England helps to support the British Museum library, so all England should share in the benefits; but in the very nature of things some national institutions are metropolitan. The question of dispersing the books through the provinces could not be discussed. If a reader wishes to use the British Museum library in the way of actual reading, he must go to London if he be not already there. It is not an injustice to those who dwell in the provinces that in certain respects Londoners should derive advantage from living in London, even if the advantage be procured by public money. The question therefore resolves itself into the simple inquiry whether the possession of a printed Catalogue is worth to the nation the labour and expense of printing it. Much can be said on both sides. Perhaps the most serious objection is that a printed catalogue is from the very first unsatisfactory. While it is passing through the press,

¹⁰ P. 113.

books are being published by thousands. When it is twelve months old it is a year behind the age ; and before it has seen ten years of life, it is no longer neat and compact, but disfigured and encumbered by supplements and excrescences. If by printing a catalogue were meant nothing more than substituting type for handwriting on the slips, in this there would be no great difficulty and no great gain.

A catalogue in the case of a library of national dimensions must be formed upon some plan which admits of interpolation to any extent required and without loss of time ; and it seems that the system in actual use at the British Museum is found to work well. Perhaps some happy inventor will find a way of combining the neatness of printed volumes with the completeness of moveable slips, and if anything will hasten that blessed day, it will be the holding from time to time of a Conference of Librarians of all nations.

A. G. K.

Ste. Anne d'Auray.

WE have passed Vannes, with its cathedral, enshrining the relics of the great Dominican preacher, St. Vincent Ferrer, its vast College of St. Francis Xavier, under the care of the Jesuit Fathers, and its numerous barracks—fruit of the last war—and the train is bearing us across a country in which tracks of moorland, glorious with purple heather, alternate with fields, whence the harvest has been carried, or white with the blossom of *sarrasin*. Here and there are clumps of umbrageous chestnuts, with their polished foliage and prickly fruit, or groups of dark and resinous pines. A deep ravine, with its grey granite boulders, peering amidst the heather blossom, with the rushing mill-stream, and the quaint steep-roofed mill on the weir of the sleeping pool, is passed with a roar of the train, and looking out, we see a station nearing us, crowned with a great statue of the patroness of Brittany, the mother of Mary. Away towards the horizon, rising from a base of foliage, and standing out against the barred sky of pale yellow and crimson, amidst which the sun is declining, we catch sight of the dark *silhouette* of a spire, and we know that to be the object of our journey, the great centre of devotion of Catholic Brittany, the Church of St. Anne d'Auray.

Very soon the train draws up, and the extraordinary display of devotion to St. Anne evinced by the *Compagnie d'Orleans* in crowning the station with her statue is somewhat explained by the considerable development of what would otherwise be a very inconsiderable country station, to meet the immense gatherings of pilgrims who, year by year and day by day, are brought here. It is a strange combination of our age, the great typical power of "modern civilization and progress," steam, bearing to the holy places the faithful children of the Church and her saints, who in times of old were fain to walk with "painful step and slow." Having used the railway, it is hardly inconsistent to avail oneself of the omnibus, especially as the day is declining,

and some three kilometres lie between us and Ste. Anne d'Auray, otherwise Keranna.

Tradition, in this case specially *la mémoire du cœur*, has never ceased from age to age to hand down amidst the legendary histories of Armorica the faithful devotion of every generation of her children to the mother of Mary, the grandmother of Jesus. Whence this devotion arose none can tell, of its antiquity none can doubt. The first name associated with the foundation of any special sanctuary of St. Anne in Brittany is that of St. Meriadec, Bishop of Vannes, in the seventh century, and this foundation was made at Keranna, now replaced by the village of Ste. Anne. A battle-field for centuries, the sanctuaries of Brittany fell under the axe and hammer of Franks, Normans, English, and French; one after another, they swept across its stern moorlands or fertile lowlands, through its forests of pine and its woods of chestnut. Amidst the ebb and flow of fight, the Breton men of war never ceased to invoke St. Anne for victory or in defeat. Nor did St. Anne, as the heroic legends of those stirring times tell us in rude but noble verse, forget her clients. She stood beside her faithful sons to shelter them amidst the clash of shield and battle-axe; she was with them in captivity to break their chains. It is not to be wondered at that memories of these blessings remained deeply impressed on the faithful and warm Celtic hearts of Brittany. So it was at Keranna, and likewise at Brandelion, at Moréac, at Plumerian, and at St. Nolf, amongst many other places, St. Anne was honoured by churches and oratories raised under her patronage. But, as we have said, under the constant storm of war, it was to be expected that these evidences of piety would from time to time be swept away, and the chapel of Keranna, amongst the others, was destroyed in the month of February, A.D. 699. Happily, the venerated image of its patroness was saved by some pious hand and, buried on the site of the wasted sanctuary, it lay hidden for nine centuries. Never did the whole memory of the past die out, the very name of the village recalled its ancient foundation, and the actual site of the chapel in the field called Bocenno, was left unploughed, the patient oxen refusing to advance when more than once they were urged forward to till the hallowed spot. Of the chapel itself, a few rudely hewn stones, built into a neighbouring grange, was all that remained.

As we have said above, nine centuries passed, but St. Anne

did not forget her fallen sanctuary nor her hidden image, and in God's good time, though man might well be forgiven for thinking of both but dimly, the image was to be once more brought to light, and set up for the veneration of her faithful clients, and the humble chapel was to grow step by step into one of the most sumptuous sanctuaries of Europe. It was in the year of grace 1623, that God selected for the instrument of this great work a humble peasant. For generation to generation the field of Bocenno had formed a portion of a farm tilled by a family named Nicolazic. At the date just named, Yves Nicolazic and his wife, Guillemette le Roux, and his sister, Yvonne, patiently toiled on these lands, doing their daily task, but withal ever in the sight of God, contented with their humble lot, loving those poorer than themselves, upright and just, with a tender devotion for the dead, and a singular love for the Blessed Virgin, and an affectionate confidence and trust in St. Anne, his "*bonne maitresse*," as Yves called her, which seemed almost to absorb all other sentiments after those his heart and faith gave first to God.

Clearly, this singular drawing towards the long and well-loved patroness of his native village was meant to foreshadow some special mark of God's mysterious providence; nor did Yves long wait to realize this, for again and again, as he walked home from his day's toil in the gloaming, a bright light proceeding from a wax taper floated at his side, or flooded his humble cottage. More striking still, as he was watering his oxen one summer evening at a fountain hard by the field of Bocenno, a stately apparition of a lady, clothed in white, environed with celestial light, burst upon his wondering and affrighted gaze. He fled under the first impulse of fear, then retraced his steps, but the vision was gone, leaving behind its blessed presence an enduring gift of healing in the waters of the till then unheeded spring, which lasts to this day, the fountain having become one of the features of the pilgrimage of St. Anne. This wondrous vision was often repeated, now in one place, now in another. Bewildered and troubled, the good peasant appealed to his director, a Capuchin friar of Auray, who prudently warned him of the wiles of the enemy of man, and encouraged him to persevere in prayer. Still the gracious apparition of the white-robed lady visited him, and the field of Bocenno was wrapped in celestial light, or gave forth angelic sounds of heavenly music. At last, on St. Anne's eve, July 25,

1624, three separate times wonderful sights and sounds disturbed, amazed, and alarmed Nicolazic:—the wondrous light penetrating, suffusing every nook and cranny of his humble home; the tramp of innumerable feet on the silent empty road foreshadowing the feet of thousands of pilgrims to come; in fine, the renewed vision of the “majestueuse dame,” who this time spoke as follows: “Yves Nicolazic, fear not. I am Anne, the mother of Mary. Tell your rector that on the piece of land called Bocenno there was in times of old, before even a village existed, a chapel dedicated in my name. It was the first of all the land. It has been destroyed nine hundred and eighty years and six months. I desire it shall at once be rebuilt, and that you shall accept this charge. God wishes that I should be honoured there.”

Well can we understand that such a celestial command alarmed and weighed down the simple peasant. For six weeks he kept his secret, with many an anxious thought as to how he, poor and without influence, could either build the chapel or engage others to undertake its erection. Encouraged by a further apparition, he went at last to his parish priest, the Rector of Pluneret, and revealed his wondrous story, only to be treated with incredulity and reproach. But by degrees, and as if to sustain her servant in his perplexity and trouble, St. Anne revealed to others the wondrous lights on the field of Bocenno, and on one occasion even her own gracious vision to three persons of a neighbouring village. So encouraged and sustained, the pious peasant of Keranna persevered in prayer, though his rector did not alter his tone of mockery and incredulity, and even threatened his parishioner with a solemn prohibition to approach the sacraments, or even enter the church, and finally with exclusion from Christian burial.

On the 7th of March, a sum of money, “douze quarts d'écus,” was found by Guillemette the housewife, ranged on the table of the farm, and placed there by no human hand, and these crowns were the “grain of mustard,” which has fructified into thousands of pounds, the gift of the faithful since that eventful day. Nicolazic carried the mysterious coins to his rector, and thence to the Capuchins at Auray, but better than with them did he fare with Monsieur de Kerloguen, his landlord, a good and pious Christian, who was devoted to St. Anne, and encouraged his tenant by promising to make a free gift of the site for her chapel. So, half hoping, half discouraged, Yves

took his way home across the moorland, and passed the way-side cross on the road from Auray to Keranna. The 7th of March had been a day of fatigue of mind and body, but all was not over. He was at prayer well on into the night, his rosary in his hands, when the familiar, but ever glorious and superhuman light, once more flooded the room, and once more St. Anne stood before him, full of majesty and grace. She bade him call his neighbours, and in their presence, following the guide's light, she promised a discovery which should once for all put a stop to doubt and mockery. So rising up, wrapped in joy, he summoned his brother-in-law and four other friends and neighbours. Before them in mid air floated the lighted taper, and they reached Bocenno. There the taper stopped, and after rising and falling three times, disappeared. There was nothing specially to mark the spot, but quickly getting a brand from the village and a blessed candle, the peasants began to dig on the spot thus strangely pointed out, and in a few minutes an antique wooden image, about three feet high, somewhat decayed by its long interment, but yet bearing traces of its original illumination in the severe lines of its draperies, and representing St. Anne and the Blessed Virgin standing beside her, lay exposed. Reverently they raised it from the excavation, and respectfully placing it against the bank of the inclosure of the field, they withdrew.

On the morrow the news spread quickly, and that day, the 8th of March in the year of grace 1625, began the marvellous series of pilgrimages which has never ceased to our own time. Drawn by the Spirit of God, as came the shepherds and the wise men of old, came group after group of Breton peasants, clad in their embroidered jackets, their loose breeches, and their leather gaiters, with their hair long flowing beneath their broad leaved hats, and their sturdy sticks in their hands—the women in their vast hooded cloaks and sculpturesque plaited petticoats, their spotless coifs, each differing with their village. They came from the farthest bounds of the diocese of Vannes, and even from the limits of Brittany. They knelt and prayed in the field of Bocenno, for the holy image still rested against the inclosure, and they cast their offerings into a pewter plate placed on a clean cloth before it on the ground by the hands of Nicolazic.

But matters had arrived at a point when the ecclesiastical authorities were bound to interfere, and the then Bishop of Vannes, Mgr. Sebastian de Rosmadec, appointed a commission

to inquire into the case. The report was satisfactory, but with the sagacious prudence of the Church, the Bishop resolved to hear the depositions himself, in person, and twice Yves appeared before him and underwent the most searching interrogation. But though most favourably impressed, Mgr. de Rosmadec sent the good peasant to spend several days under the roof of the Capuchins of Vannes in retreat, and during that period he underwent a still further questioning, and constant prayers for light and counsel were made to Heaven. At last a final decision was arrived at, and it was resolved to give the authority of episcopal sanction to the devotion, and erect a chapel at Keranna. Meanwhile a rustic shelter of timber, thatched with broom, had been erected over the statue by the good peasants, and Nicolazic had brought his chestnut coffer, in which every Breton peasant stores his embroidered marriage suit, and set it up, covered with a white linen cloth, as a pedestal. In due time "*les aumones jetées par terre*" by the numerous pilgrims, and collected and kept, "*avec beaucoup de fidélité*," by Yves, had amounted to the considerable sum of one thousand eight hundred crowns. M. de Kerloguen had engaged—mindful of his promise—to give the site and secure a rent of fifteen French pounds for one Mass a week in perpetuity; and thus assured, Mgr. de Rosmadec consented to lay the foundation-stone of the chapel on July 26th, 1625. Father Benjamin de St. Pierre was the architect of the chapel, but the faithful Nicolazic watched over every stone of the structure with jealous care, and in three years the building was completed, and was blessed for the feast of its glorious patron in 1628. The previous year the Discalced Carmelites had been appointed guardians of the church and pilgrimage, and by degrees they erected the adjacent conventual buildings.

As this first church has disappeared, it may be well in a few words to describe it as we saw it on our first visit to St. Anne some seventeen years ago. A long narrow nave was terminated by a choir, beyond which was the tower forming a sacristy, to the right of the nave a small transeptal chapel contained the altar and statue of St. Anne, with a wrought-iron *grille*, with prickets for tapers, and alms-boxes. The rail, which for years received the offerings of thousands of pilgrims and sustained their suppliant hands, has been preserved in the new church. The church itself was of the simplest architectural character, but the gifts of the faithful have adorned the vault with decorative colour, and panelled the lower part of the walls

with sculptured woodwork, whilst the altars were in the ornate style of the seventeenth century, with mural sculpture and statuary. The church itself stood in a kind of *piazza*, surrounded on two sides by low arcaded buildings, now mostly occupied by vendors of *souvenirs* of the pilgrimage, whilst the monastery extended beyond the altar end of the church, with an inner cloister of singularly picturesque character. In front of the church stood a wide, low, triple archway, sustaining a steep roofed chapel, by which on either hand ascended a broad flight of steps beneath a roofed arcade forming the *Scala Sancta*. All these buildings about the church exist, though, unfortunately, in order to bestow the required length of site on the new church, the picturesque *Scala Sancta* has been moved into a large open piece of ground adjoining the holy well, where in cases of immense gatherings the pilgrims are addressed, or receive the blessing of assembled prelates, or Holy Mass is said.

But we must return to the history of the work of God's humble instrument, Nicolazic. The year 1639 was, after that of the consecration of the church, one of special note. The form of the devotion, the repute of the increasing assemblage of pilgrims, and finally the authenticated graces and miracles which had been granted, had spread throughout France, and Louis the Thirteenth and his Queen, Anne of Austria, bestowed a splendid relic of St. Anne on her own church. The royal pair, who for thirteen years had been childless, had some years before made special prayer to the Queen's glorious patroness and namesake that she might be blessed with offspring, and when persevering in prayer Louis Dieudonné was given to France, to be the future Fourteenth King of his noble race and name, the pious Queen inscribed her name, with that of her child, first in the roll of the Confraternity of St. Anne, and offered this holy and venerated gift to the Church. It had been bestowed on Geoffroy du Soleil of Orleans in the Sixth Crusade, by Simon, Patriarch of Jerusalem, and was authenticated by his seal under the date of January 2nd, 1232. Borne across France and Brittany—from Paris to Vannes—in triumph, everywhere received by the civil and military authorities, and the people, with respectful reverence and rejoicing—for the "presse libre" and the "nouvelles couches sociales" were then happily unknown "gifts" in France—the solemn translation to the Church of St. Anne took place on July 1st. We cannot attempt to describe the pomp and ceremony of that eventful day, the

long lines of Carmelites and Capuchin Fathers ; the secular clergy of all the country round ; the *école* of musicians on the hautbois, with a troop of young children bearing banners emblazoned with the fleur-de-lys of France and the ermine of Brittany ; the *école* of violinists, with a choir of white-robed and flower-crowned maidens ; the royal banner of the King and Queen ; the relic in its sumptuous shrine, borne on the shoulders of the Father Priors of Rennes and Boudon ; Yves Nicolazic, humble and calm, yet with his innermost soul filled with joy, bearing the banner of his dear patroness ; the guard of soldiers with breast-plate and arquebus ; and finally the thousands of pilgrims ; whilst the air is filled with the chants of the people, the bray of trumpets, the din of cannon, and the clang of church bells. Such sights are now rather to be imagined than seen in the evil times on which we have fallen in this "age of light."

But whilst Keranna had grown into fame, and its Church of St. Anne was a centre of devout pilgrimage for all Christendom—our own admirable but persecuted Queen Henrietta Maria having knelt before its sacred image in 1664—the peasant Yves Nicolazic, through whose means this wonderful work had come to pass, was drawing to the end of his labours, his trials, and his consolations, that he might go to his eternal reward. He had refused all gifts, except those which he accepted only to bestow on the chapel of his holy patroness. The respectful curiosity of the pilgrims who flocked to see him wounded his humility, and he left Keranna for a small farm in the neighbourhood, not too distant to hinder his frequent visits to the church, but yet sufficiently far to remove him from the pious importunity of visitors. Twenty years had passed since the discovery of the miraculous image : he was old and sickness fell upon him. But the guardians of the Church would not allow him to die far from the scene of all his consolations and labours, and with gentle hands the Carmelites bore him to their convent, and surrounded him with every temporal and spiritual care. His illness lasted but six days. He received with the utmost piety the last rites of the Church, and surrounded by the community, his son supporting him on his death-bed, he seemed to have passed calmly into the presence of God and his beloved patroness. Suddenly, his eyes opened once more, a ray of joy shone in his wasted features, and with a clear voice he cried : "Behold the Blessed Virgin and Mother St. Anne, my good mistress !" Quickly the sacred image was brought from its altar in the

church, and in answer to his confessor, the dying man once more solemnly affirmed the absolute truth of its miraculous discovery, then pressing his blanched lips upon its feet he expired. It was the 13th of May, 1645. His widow survived but a few weeks, his son, born to him late in life, died a devoted priest. The portrait of Yves Nicolazic is to be seen in the great Church of St. Anne; the type of the Breton peasant, calm and ascetic, and yet with a certain sweetness of expression, his hair cut short across a lofty forehead and hanging low behind on the neck and shoulders. He was buried in front and at the foot of the altar of St. Anne; his remains now rest in a small chapel dedicated to his patron, St. Yves, in the new church. Having dwelt so long on the first history of the founder of this great sanctuary and its foundation, we can only briefly summarize its late records down to our own time.

It was not to be expected that the demons of the Republic of 1790 would leave the fair flower of devotion, which had taken root and flourished amidst the moorlands of Brittany, undefiled, unbroken. The good Carmelite Fathers were first robbed of their property, and then driven from their monastic home. In the inflated, insolent tone of the revolutionists of the time, so faithfully copied by the Gambettas, the Naquets, the Hugos of our own day, and served up to the bewildered intelligence of our countrymen by the "foreign correspondents" of our daily press, the Directory of the department in June, 1792, endeavoured to arrest the unceasing flow of pilgrims, so as to avoid the risk of "the peoples being once more plunged (*replongé*) into the shameful chains of slavery," and to "undo the plots of rebels and fanatics." But in despite of the Directory, and the threats of "Volunteers of the Revolution," and "National Gendarmes," the feast of St. Anne in that year saw thousands of the faithful gather about her shrine. By the end of that year the furniture of the convent and church was carried off, the church plate melted down, the very fruit in the convent garden sold, and the convent and its grounds—but *not* the church—let to a "citoyen cultivateur de rhubarbe!" Strange to say the church was never closed, never did faithful souls cease to kneel upon its deserted pavement, though at the risk of liberty and life, and never were the offerings of the pilgrims lacking, though we need not say the disinterested "friends of the people" appropriated them. The statue was saved by some pious clients of St. Anne at Auray at the peril of their lives, but surrendered at last under

compulsion to the tyrants who had seized the reins of power, it was burnt with the usual rejoicings in one of the public places of Vannes, only a small fragment of the sculptured face of St. Anne having been saved; and this is now placed in a cavity below the existing statue, carved as nearly as may be after such traditions or representations of the original as existed. The great relic of the saint, of which we spoke, was happily secured when, intent rather on the precious case than on its more precious contents, the revolutionary silversmith engaged to break the shrine, let fall the relic, which a watchful Catholic recovered before three trustworthy witnesses, and placed it in the hands of one of the former Fathers of the convent, who was hiding probably in the neighbourhood of his wasted monastic home.

When the hurricane of the Revolution had at last subsided, the alienated property was in 1810 repurchased by the zeal of the Abbé Deshayes of Auray, and five years later, Mgr. de Bausset took possession of it as his diocesan seminary, placing the Fathers of the Society of Jesus at its head. We need not say that under such direction the establishment flourished, and it only changed hands when Charles the Tenth weakly yielded to an anti-Christian pressure, and the Jesuits quitted France for a while. Their place was, however, at once filled by secular clergy of the diocese, and the seminary still brings forth good fruit in zealous and devoted levites. By degrees the church was decently restored, the image and relic of St. Anne once more rested beneath its roof, and the stream of pilgrims flowed as before. We may just note *en passant* that in 1858, during his famous progress through Brittany, which gave such hopes of a truly Catholic reign, so soon to be bitterly reversed, Napoleon the Third knelt at the shrine of St. Anne.

But now a time of awakening had come. Mgr. Dubreil, and after him his successor on the episcopal throne of Vannes, Mgr. Gazailhan, conceived, and laid before the faithful, not only of that diocese, not only of Brittany, but of all France, the idea of an entire reconstruction of the church. The seed was cast on good ground. The untiring zeal, the inexhaustible generosity of Catholic France came to the front at once and without hesitation, and on the 7th of January, 1866, the work was begun, and the solemn ceremonial of laying the corner-stone took place on the 4th of September of that year, amidst a vast assemblage of clergy and laity. Two years later an almost more imposing

rite took place. The ever glorious Pontiff Pius the Ninth had consented at the earnest prayer of Catholic Brittany and its prelates to crown the sacred images. On the 30th of September, 1868, in the presence of sixty thousand persons, six bishops, over one thousand priests, and representatives of the army, navy, magistrature, and the Government, amidst a furious tempest of wind and rain, which seemed to be the expression of the impotent rage of the enemy of God and His saints and faithful, the solemn Brief of Pius the Ninth was read, and the splendid crowns offered by the women of Brittany were placed on the heads of St. Anne and the Blessed Virgin. Meanwhile the great church, built in the imperishable granite of Brittany, grew slowly up from its eternal foundations, encompassing and inclosing the humble structure of Yves Nicolazic. To secure a continuance of alms, a devoted Breton priest, the Abbé Guillouzo, devoted himself, with the blessing of his Bishop and the protection of St. Anne. Innumerable are the edifying and touching histories of the pious generosity of the poorest even of the people, who would all give their gift to the great work. Some six volumes, which lie at the church door, filled with lists of donors, testify to the labours of him who asked, and the charity of those who gave. So for over three years, 1867, 1868, 1869, and part of 1870, the work went on, and the flow of pilgrims never ceased. Then the hand of God was raised once more against France, the France of the Empire, the France of folly, frivolity, and wickedness; the France of scoffing and mockery and unbelief! But bending in humble submission to the Almighty Lord and Ruler, the France of Christ, the France of our Lady, the France of heroic self-denial, self-sacrifice, "*la vraie France*," was on her knees at her altars, and in her sanctuaries, and no more moving sight was to be witnessed under Heaven than the armed men of Brittany kneeling before the image of their glorious patron before they went out to battle with the invading hosts of Germany.

And when at last that terrible struggle was at an end, St. Anne was not forgotten, and the grateful prayers of her clients were poured out at her feet, and some of the most chivalrous soldiers of France, Albiousse, Charette, De Sonis, De Cissey, Cathelineau, Trochu, laid their heroic swords upon her altar. On the 8th of December, 1872, a solemn pilgrimage of thanksgiving and prayer for succour was organized throughout the length and breadth of Brittany. At twenty altars Mass

was offered up by an unceasing succession of priests from four in the morning till midday, and over twenty thousand persons of every rank and position approached Holy Communion, whilst later in the day, forty thousand pilgrims, with one heart and one voice, joined in the hymn of St. Anne, or raised the solemn acclamation of *Catholiques et Bretons toujours!* The church had been blessed and given up to Divine worship, the miraculous image and relic had been transferred to their new and more dignified position, the original chapel of the pious Yves Nicolazic had wholly disappeared, thousands upon thousands had paid their devotions there, but the last work of the Church, the solemn consecration of the sacred edifice, still remained to be performed. This took place last year (1877), on the feast day of St. Anne, amidst the vast concourse of pilgrims, in despite of torrents of rain, and with all the splendour of the solemn rites of Holy Church. We have not attempted to recount the innumerable and perfectly authenticated miracles which have been performed in this great sanctuary; we must refer our readers to Mgr. de Ségur's excellent little work *Les Merveilles de Sainte Anne d'Auray* and to the *Histoire du Pèlerinage de Ste. Anne*, by the Abbé Nicol, to both of which we are largely indebted in these pages. No one with the gift of faith can leave these prodigies of mercy and compassion without a profound sentiment of confidence and trust in the singular privileges which Almighty God permits to be bestowed by the hands of St. Anne on those who approach Him through her gracious intercession. We must not, however, lay down our pen without a few descriptive words of the sanctuary itself. The author of the design is M. Deperthes, who has proved himself to be an architect of the highest capability, a real artist in the fullest extent of the term. Adopting a style contemporaneous as nearly as may be with the origin of the devotion in its later development, M. Deperthes has made the picturesque and striking Church of St. Eustache in Paris his theme, and without anything of servile copyism has worked out what is to our mind one of the most, if not the most, remarkable churches of our day. We have not the pretension to assume that it will satisfy either ultra "Goths," or ultra admirers of what we are accustomed to hear rather indefinitely described as "Italian" or "Grecian" architecture. With the intuitive sense of true artistic taste and propriety, and having had the singular advantage of dealing with men who were content to trust to the intelligence

and taste of the architect of their selection, M. Deperthes has adapted his materials to their legitimate end, has treated his work from first to last with a large and intelligent character, and has not allowed himself to be hampered with common-place traditions and frivolous conventionalities. The plan embraces a nave and aisles, with an ample provision of confessionals, transepts, which contain the altars of our Lady and of the Pilgrimage, a choir with aisles, which are doubled, so as to give space for a great congregation of faithful about the sanctuary, and six altars, and finally, the immense campanile, the lower story of which opens by a noble arch behind the high altar, and discloses below the great organ, built by Cavaillé-Coll, and above an immense fresco of St. Anne in glory, the Blessed Trinity above, and below a group of suppliants bearing the banners of the five Breton dioceses, whilst, on the other hand, a ship on the stern granite shore of Brittany is being saved with its crew through the protection of St. Anne. This striking composition is from the pencil of M. Charles Lameire, whose noble designs for the *Catholicon* were exhibited in London some few years ago. The high altar below has a magnificent reredos, with the statues of the four Evangelists in white marble, and a lofty throne in the centre. The marbles, which in combination with a stone of exquisite purity of colour compose the high altar, its reredos, and its steps, are the present of Pius the Ninth from the "Emporium." The choir is surrounded by stone screens, inlaid with granite, and bearing candelabra, and forming a back to oak stalls of very remarkable vigour and beauty of design. At the entrance to the choir are two altars, of St. Joseph and St. Joachim, with fine white marble statues of the saints, and skilfully designed notables adapted to the piers of the great choir and transept arches. The six altars of the transepts, dedicated to the Sacred Heart, St. John the Baptist, St. Elizabeth, &c., are simpler in design, but all worthy of praise for their originality and elegance. In the northern transept is the altar of the Blessed Virgin, which has an open reredos filling an arch behind the altar, through the delicate lines of which the perspective of the aisles and the stained glass of the windows form a charming back-ground. The marble statue of the Madonna and Divine Child is a graceful work of art, and contrasts curiously with a series of ancient fifteenth century sculptures of the Passion in alabaster, which have been at one time or another gifts to the former church. The altar of

St. Anne, in the south transept, is of course the chief point of interest. The central niche of the reredos contains the miraculous image, flanked by four bas-reliefs of remarkable beauty, by M. Fagnière, of incidents in the life of St. Anne. Over all these works of art, devoted to its highest ends, soars the granite vault, each intersecting rib and boss defined by a delicate arabesque of gold and blue, whilst the surface of the vault is tinted a warm hue, and emblazoned with the armorial bearings of benefactors. Every window of the church is filled with stained glass, of an unusually high order of merit, recalling the glorious windows of King's College Chapel, or those in Lichfield Cathedral. The whole of them, as indeed every altar or article of furniture of the church, are personal gifts in honour of St. Anne, and represent in the aisles her history and that of this place so specially dedicated to her, beginning with her marriage to St. Joachim, and bringing us down to the pilgrimage of the sailors and soldiers of France after the last war. The windows of the clerestory represent the ancestors of St. Anne and the saints of Brittany. These remarkable works of religious art are due to MM. Lusson, Maréchal, and Oudinot.

But if the eye is charmed, and the mind elevated and edified by these artistic splendours, still more is the heart and soul of the Catholic pilgrim touched, moved, and consoled by the earnest acts of gratitude and confidence which, engraved on marble slabs, sheet the walls of the sanctuary, and the constant outpouring of prayer which from the lips of unceasing pilgrims never seems to cease at the feet of the image of the glorious patroness of the church. From the bed of sickness, from the storm and rush of the battle-field, from the vessel's deck amidst the howl of the tempest and the roar of the breakers, from every kind of sorrow and trial and danger, faithful trusting souls have cried for help and light and grace. St. Anne has carried their supplications to the Eternal Throne, they have been heard and granted, and here, in simple words, or still simpler pictures, the record of these acts of mercy are set forth for all time. As we read these records, and watch the ever-recurring round of those who come to pray—now a peasant, with his long hair and broad-leaved hat, now an inhabitant of some far off great centre of activity and luxury, clad in broad-cloth, now a soldier, with the well-known red trousers and white gaiters, and then, in her white *coif*, a Breton mother with her child that clings to the rails and gazes at the gilded

image of St. Anne, a wondering tourist, or a blue-jacketed sailor, who comes to thank St. Anne for her thoughtfulness of him whilst far away, all earnest in prayer, none forgetting to light their taper and cast an offering into the bronze vases in the massive *grille*, one thinks and hopes and believes that despite the incurable folly and obstinacy and wilful wrongdoing of so many of her children, the France, who even in her saddest days of trial and sorrow could raise this great expression of faith and love, writ in eternal granite, and who year by year, and day by day, and hour by hour, sends her faithful ones to pour out their whole souls in prayer to God and His saints in these great sanctuaries, is yet far from being unworthy of her glorious title of "Fille ainée de l'Eglise," and that a future of regeneration and reconstruction and true glory is open to her, in a complete and entire return of *all* her children to the feet of God, our Lady, and St. Anne.

G. G.

Henry Garnett.

THE circumstances connected with the life and martyrdom of Father Henry Garnett have made his name particularly prominent amongst those who suffered for the Catholic Faith in England. His holiness of life, his learning and ability, the leading position which he occupied, the calm fortitude with which he met death under a false charge, and in defence of the inviolability of the seal of confession, have gained him the esteem and admiration of all Catholics, both of his own day and of subsequent times. On the other hand, it has been just in as marked a way the persistent endeavour of modern, as well as older Protestants, to blacken his character, simply from their determination to fasten on a priest and a Jesuit in his person all the odium and wickedness of so great a crime as the Gunpowder Plot. Could they but deceive people into believing that Garnett was in other respects a man of sinful habits it were easy to persuade them that he was just such a man as would recklessly sacrifice human life for the sake of his religion. It must be some such motive, grounded on a general yet intense hatred of the faith, which actuates would-be historical writers of the present day still to poison men's minds with calumnies against the memory of Father Henry Garnett. We wish to take such reliable statements from the fourth volume of *Records of the English Province S.J.* as will present to the reader the chief incidents of this Father's life, the principles on which his judges conducted his trial, and the devices they stooped to in order to force a verdict, as well as the calumnies invented at the time against his reputation, and still employed as though descriptive of his true character.

Father Garnett's birth took place at Nottingham in the year 1555, where his father Mr. Briant Garnett was master of the Free Grammar School, and by him he was brought up a Protestant. As a boy he was educated at Winchester, and attained the rank of Captain of the School, showing such natural ability

and quickness in learning that if he had gone on to New College, Oxford, he would probably have obtained the highest academical honours. It is well here to notice the great esteem felt for his personal character as a school-boy by his masters at Winchester, Stemp and Johnson, who, though themselves Catholics at heart, tried hard to persuade him to continue his college life. And it is also worthy of remark that he was still quite young when he received the grace of reconciliation to the Church, and after a time, at the age of twenty, entered the Novitiate of St. Andrea, in Rome. He pursued his studies with great zeal and success, under such men as Suarez and Bellarmine; yet these professors thought still more highly of his modesty and gentleness of disposition, and his many virtues in religion, and Cardinal Bellarmine, who had known him thus early, with his own pen vindicated his character when assailed after his martyrdom. As proof of the trust placed in him, he was very early appointed Penitentiary in St. Peter's, while he was so far credited for learning as to be Professor of Hebrew at the Roman College, and a supply for Father Clavius in the chair of mathematics, in which office he was detained for two years.

It was no insignificant proof of virtue that the young professor sighed after the fatigues and dangers of a priest and recusant's life in England, where he actually landed on the 7th of July, 1586. During his missionary life it was laid to his door as a reproach that his artfulness or restlessness of character either drove him to the necessity, or formed within him a taste for a great variety of *aliases* and domiciles. The assumption is a very gratuitous one when we consider the prominent and varied duties of his office as Provincial, and the absolute necessity, in the case of every missionary, of constant change of name and residence if he hoped to protect his life against the very persons who blamed him for so simple an act of self-defence. Father Weston saw Father Garnett soon after his arrival in this country. Having dined together at the inn, they went down to what was probably Mr. Bold's house in Berkshire. After spending a short time in missionary work, Father Garnett succeeded this same Father as Provincial, an office which he held for eighteen years. Interesting mention is made of the new Provincial in the personal Narrative of Father John Gerard, as the latter came up to see him in London. From this time forward, his persecutors supplied

him with many a good reason for seeking different hiding-places, in obedience to the Divine injunction. On St. Luke's day, 1591, the Fathers met for the renewal of vows at White Webbs, a house lying on the borders of Enfield Chase, some ten miles from London, and taken by the Father in the names of the Honourable Ann Vaux and her sister Mrs. Brookesby, to serve, as Father Oldcorne fully explained, for a place of refuge and spiritual resort of the Fathers of the Society. Thither, on this occasion, they were tracked by the pursuivants, but were miraculously preserved from capture or serious molestation. On another occasion, while making a similar triduum at the same Superior's house, the question was suddenly put what they ought to do should the priest-hunters make their appearance. Father Garnett answered: "As we are here assembled for the greater glory of God, I will be answerable for all till the renovation of vows is over, but beyond that I will not promise." The searchers came next morning, while five Fathers and two secular priests yet remained, and though all the persons there and everything of value were safely stowed away, the object of the pursuivants was with great difficulty defeated.

Father Gerard gives another example of the almost prophetic sagacity of Father Garnett, in saving him from capture when the house in Golding Lane was searched by Mr. Wiseman's servant. Father Gerard visited his Superior at White Webbs, with the intention of returning to keep an appointment in Golding Lane, but Father Garnett insisted on his staying with him all night, though he could not give any particular reason for doing so. It was found out next morning that the house had been visited by the officers, and the servant, Richard Fulwood, carried off instead of his master. Father Garnett is again named in the personal narrative of Father Gerard, when describing his escape from the Tower, on the 7th of October, 1597. The same Narrative reveals how well the residences of the Provincial were known, and how closely watched, for while Brother John Lilly was examined by Wade, the Lieutenant of the Tower, he was asked whether he knew Garnett. On his replying he did not, Wade said with a grim smile, "And you don't know his house in the Spital?"—meaning the district of Spitalfields. He then added: "I don't mind letting you know, now that I have you safe, that I am acquainted with his residence, and that we are sure of having him here in a day or two to keep you company. For when he comes to

London, he puts up at that house, and then we shall catch him." John sent to a friend some small article wrapped up in blank paper. This friend carefully smoothed out the paper, and held it to the fire to see whether anything had been written on it in orange juice. After doing this, he was able to read that the address of the Father had been betrayed, and that he must be warned of it. Thus alone was Father Garnett saved.

In a letter from his own hand to Father Parsons, dated the 9th of April, 1598, Father Garnett gives a very graphic picture of his mode of life. "There hath been terrible searching of late. This week past they kept the house of Mr. Abington (Henlip Hall) in Worcestershire three days, beating down all at their pleasure, and eating up all the provision, and took away two servants, the master not being at home. We are constrained to shift often our dwelling and to have divers houses at once, and also to keep divers houses at those times when we run away, for we cannot remove the old woman (Father Robert Parsons' aged mother) so often, and the place of my residence is like a little college, never without four or five. There is none taken, but he is asked for Henry (himself), and yet he scapeth, not by any worldly policy, but because he is unfit for the combat."

Another missionary sought out the Provincial on his first arrival at Gravesend on the 9th of March, 1598. This was Father Tesimond, who along with his companion walked out to Morecroftes, a house near Uxbridge and about thirteen miles distant from London. He there "found with Father Henry two or three other members of the Society, who had come to confer with him on their affairs. This they were accustomed to do, one at one time and another at another." He then continues:

We had been with Father Henry two or three days at most, when one day, towards evening, a man came out from London on purpose to tell us that the Privy Council had had notice of that house, and that that night, without doubt, the Queen's officers would come to search it. It was a perfect marvel, and as such I noted it at the time, to see the great peace and serenity of soul that Father Henry showed when he heard this news. In truth, he proved himself to be an old soldier and experienced captain, accustomed to such assaults. Without being the least disturbed, he spoke to all with his usual modest cheerfulness, bidding them recommend to our Lord the necessities of that house; and, after taking some corporal refreshment to enable them to walk

during the night, to get themselves ready as best they could, to go one in one direction and one in another, following either the directions that he gave or that they knew how to take. There were some, on the other hand, who showed great signs of fear, bringing all sorts of reasons to show how impossible it was to escape so urgent and manifest a danger. Good Father Henry, whom I afterwards saw perfectly calm, as he was now, on some ten other occasions in dangers greater than this, consoled and strengthened them all by a few grave words. He gave orders to hide in the hiding-places, which had long since been prepared for such an occurrence, everything that could show that the house belonged to Catholics, as books, altar vestments, pictures, and everything of the sort; and then he stored away all things of greater value. Lastly, when it was dark, he sent away those that were guests or strangers, that they might return to their usual dwelling-places. Among these was I, the new-comer, whom he directed, until he otherwise disposed of me, to go towards London, with directions that some of us should wait for him at a village called Brentford, about half way between the house we were leaving and London. His object was that we should go together to another house he had in London, which he kept on purpose to be able to retire to it in similar emergencies.

This it seems they did, and all arrived safely at Brentford, whence they proceeded with Father Garnett in a boat, by the Thames, to London, and reached the house "in the suburbs," which served them for some time as a place of concealment, until in July, 1599, it was discovered and broken up. But what an insight does not the above simple and truthful narrative give us into the anxious life of the persecuted priest, and into the character and behaviour of the Father Provincial.

It was very soon after this event that Father Garnett took his solemn vows, of a Professed Father, namely on the 8th of May, in the same year. Father Tanner observes that he lived for the most part in or near London, because he found that place more convenient for sending over new recruits to the English Seminaries in Italy, Spain, and Belgium, and for providing them with lodging and clothing. He had also to try and relieve the necessities of various Catholic families, and sometimes to penetrate even into prisons in order to carry consolation to the members of his flock. Very correct portraits of him were exposed in the public thoroughfares of the city, to help towards his detection and capture, and more than once he narrowly escaped arrest through the treachery of faithless Catholics, tempted by the large rewards offered by Government if he were taken. Yet God had still work for him to do, and

so delivered him in a wonderful way out of the hands of his enemies, so that on July the 6th, 1601, he could draw attention to the fact that his letter was written "now in the last day of my fifteenth year in this wilderness;" and we know that in truth he was not seized till the year 1606. On the 24th of March, 1603, Queen Elizabeth died and was succeeded by James the Sixth of Scotland and First of England. The mention of his name reminds us of the famous Gunpowder Plot, which was made the excuse for putting Father Garnett to death, and getting rid of a Jesuit who was both feared and hated.

The general history of this Plot is too familiar to all to require its repetition here, we have to do with it only so far as it concerns the subject of this short sketch. No words could more clearly or more succinctly set forth the real extent of Father Garnett's connection with the conspiracy than the following: "Mr. Catesby, its chief promoter, laid open the design in confession to Father Tesimond. This Father represented to him the wickedness of the project, but could not prevail upon him to desist; however, Catesby consented that Father Tesimond should communicate the case under the seal of confession to Father Garnett (simply and evidently because he was the Provincial). If the matter should otherwise come to light, Catesby gave leave that both one and the other might then make use of the knowledge which he thus imparted to them, and not otherwise. Father Garnett was horror-struck at the proposal, and, as he could not disclose it, laboured at least to prevent its execution; and he so far prevailed that Mr. Catesby promised he would attempt nothing without the consent and knowledge of the Holy See, which Father Garnett knew well he would never obtain." On Father Gerard's authority who himself saw copies of the document, the further action of Father Provincial in the matter was as follows. In a letter which he wrote to his Superiors in the year 1604 he expressed his earnest desire of some mitigation in the treatment of Catholics, because, as he added in cypher, "if the affair of toleration go not well, Catholics will no more be quiet. What shall we do? Jesuits cannot hinder it. Let Pope forbid all Catholics to stir;" words which not only exonerate the Father from all complicity in the plot and show his personal opposition to it, but also manifest his active endeavours to prevent it, referring as they clearly do to the promise which he had wrung, from Catesby that "he would attempt nothing without the consent and knowledge of the Holy See."

There is another very important letter from Father Garnett in answer to questions which sufficiently indicate the mind and wishes of the Society in Rome. They required to be informed whether Father Garnett himself, or any of the Society of Jesus in England, did favour or further unquiet proceedings in any respect, for that such information had been sent to Padua out of England. The Provincial was able most emphatically to deny that their enemies maintained the King to be "much moved against Catholics through the fervour of some Jesuits," and he stated that "an Earl of great account commended publicly the Jesuits in the Parliament service as persons wise, learned, and of sincere conscience, and great setters forth of peace." Still stronger proof of the innocence of the Fathers is gathered from his next words: "In Watson's business it is well known how many had been entangled, and what danger would have followed, if they had not hindered;" for he thus refers to a conspiracy to seize the King's person while he was hunting, which was revealed out of confession to Father Gerard, and by him communicated to Father Garnett, who immediately took steps to make it known. We shall afterwards see much significance in the concluding passage now quoted, which says: "For although they (the Jesuits) cannot hinder what every tumultuous head intendeth, yet can they carry with them to peaceable courses the best and most Catholics." While writing these letters Father Garnett began to suspect, as Father Gerard tells us, that Catesby and his fellow-plotters had not given up their evil designs, because they seemed to be offended at and distant with the members of the Society, esteeming them hindrances of the good they hoped to effect by "forcible enterprizes." Yet he distinctly says that he "dared not inform himself of their affairs, because of the prohibition of Father General from meddling in such affairs," showing that he had no definite knowledge what their intentions really were, and also had received, as Father Gerard states, strict charge from Father Parsons in the name of His Holiness, as well as from the General, "to continue, by all means possible, to hinder any insurrection or undutiful proceedings against his Majesty or the State."

We follow out our sketch of Father Garnett's life by describing how, satisfying himself that Catholics were quieter and "likely to continue their old patience," he resolved to spend most of the summer in travelling, and visited in his way the holy well of St. Winifred, doing also what good he could at his friends'

houses. During the following October he approached London again, a most unlikely step had he known anything of the consummation of the Plot so close at hand. In his difficulty to find any safe house to stay in, even for a very short time, he alludes in his private letters to the cruel hardships practised against the faithful, but congratulates himself that "the best sort of Catholics will bear all their losses with patience." Besides other points, his words show that the conspiracy came after the increase of persecution, and not that Catholics were persecuted more than before simply through indignation against the Plot. Very soon after the long narrative letter of Father Garnett just alluded to, the attempt to blow up the Houses of Parliament was carried out. Immediately upon the event the Father Provincial consulted his own personal safety by retiring to Henlip Hall between two and three miles from Worcester, a place far too large and conspicuous and well known to be the wisest selected retreat had he been a self-conscious conspirator in an already detected Plot, especially as he might easily have at once withdrawn along with Father Gerard and Father Tesimond to the Continent. Moreover, from his place of retreat he drew the attention of the Government to himself at the worst possible time, by addressing to its members a protest in the spirit of conscious innocence. His address is far too long for insertion, and, notwithstanding its importance, we can only quote the words in which his protest is expressed :

Howsoever in spiritual matters and acts of charity, which I have to afford to all sorts, some of this unfortunate company may chance to have had my help and assistance, yet in this enterprize, as unfit for me to deal in, as it was bloody in itself, they never made me privy, much less asked my consent to their purposes. . . . In this most horrible furnace, prepared for the best of the realm, besides the King's own person, the Queen, and the two princes, there would have been included divers lords and ladies, and others of special account, so highly honoured and affected by me, that I would rather have for every one severally lost my life a thousand times than to have permitted their hazard. . . . And as for six of the confederates receiving at my hands the Most Holy Sacrament at the very undertaking so bloody an enterprize, I think I never saw six of them together in my life ; and in such conspiracies never anything was heard of to be done publicly with kissing of the sacraments, or vowing, or such like, as ridiculously some imagine.

Three acts of treachery led to the seizure and recognition of Father Garnett. Thomas Bates, Mr. Catesby's servant, being

himself engaged in the Plot and laid hold of, through fear of death and the agonies of torture, and through the hope of favour and reward, affirmed that his master and a confederate had been at Lord Vaux's house, Harrowden, in Northamptonshire, with Fathers Garnett, Tesimond, and Gerard; and that he himself had been sent with a letter by his master, on the 6th of November, after they were up in arms, to a house in Warwickshire, where Fathers Garnett and Tesimond then were, adding apparently that both Fathers had spoken of the Society being undone—remarks which Father Garnett distinctly denied. These insufficient and indirect statements formed the only evidence on the strength of which a public proclamation against the Jesuits was issued, beginning with the three Fathers. This proclamation was the occasion of the second shameful deed of treachery. Mr. Humphrey Littleton, having fallen into trouble through the discovery of his kinsman, Stephen Littleton, and Robert Winter, a principal conspirator, when lying in concealment in his own bed-chamber at a relative's house, yielded to the same motives as Bates had done, and "sent up word to the Council that he had been not long before at Mr. Abington's house, called Henlip, where he heard a Jesuit preach called Oldcorne, who did there reside for the most part, and where he thought also Garnett was to be found." Upon this information a warrant was despatched to Sir Henry Bromley, one of the nearest Justices to Mr. Abington's house. This magistrate came very early to the Hall on a Sunday morning with more than a hundred armed men. After a wearisome and obstinate search, which lasted during a whole week, two laymen being nearly starved to death came out of their hiding-place on the Saturday and offered themselves to the searchers, hoping that they would then be satisfied and would leave. The pursuivants, on the contrary, were encouraged by the discovery to spend six more days in breaking down and examining every spot, till they were at last successful in finding Father Oldcorne, whom they knew, and Father Garnett, about whom they did not feel so certain. As though in an ascending scale of guilty connivance, the actual betrayer of the person of the Father, when not even the servants would identify him, was a priest named Anthony Sherlock, who though greatly indebted to him, at once declared him to be Father Garnett, and the bearer of the different aliases by which he was designated in the proclamation. Father Garnett's only answer was one of mild

and charitable forgiveness, although the act of treachery was especially gratuitous, inasmuch as it was Father Oldcorne, and not Father Garnett, who was the real object of search. In the account of his capture which he sent to the Hon. Anne Vaux, the Father shows how cheerfully he could sport with his misfortune. "Of me," he says, "never no expectation, so that it was only God's pleasure to have it so as it is. *Fiat voluntas ejus.*" He unwittingly discloses his own perfect resignation, and indeed joy, at the discovery of himself and his companion. "When we came forth we appeared like two ghosts, yet I the strongest, though my weakness lasted longest. The fellowe that founde us ranne away for feare, thinking we would have shotte a pistoll at him, but there came needlesse company to assist him, and we bade them be quiet, and we would come forth, so they helpe us out very charitably." How curiously, we cannot help remarking, do these and similar slight touches of description belie the untruthful and pompous style of all Protestant narratives of such seizures. The long letter from Father Garnett's pen, from which this short sentence has been taken, is full of humour and raciness, and well worth perusal. We learn from it that he was lodged in Sir Henry Bromley's own house for a considerable time; that he was well and kindly treated and despatched thence to London, where the two Fathers were committed close prisoners to the Gatehouse; that there he was not examined for three or four days, and then with great politeness and respect, though all this consideration did not last very long.

It seems as though the Government did not at first know how to deal with his case. They felt the prominence of his position, they were baffled by his blandness, self-possession, and great reputation. It appeared impossible to bring him in guilty of complicity in the Gunpowder Plot, and the King himself and his Councillors disowned, at the outset, any such intention or suspicion. Yet of course they were equally determined not to let him go, and therefore they bided their time, not hesitating to submit him to twenty-three examinations. The history of his trial indeed gives damning evidence of the utter want of principle of which his judges were unblushingly guilty. We should have thought that the name of Henry Garnett would have been carefully passed over by Protestant historians, instead of pursuing his memory by their calumnies at the risk of drawing fresh attention to the perfidy and meanness which

in his case especially disgraced the pretended administration of justice. The Lord Chief Justice Popham, and the Attorney-General, Sir Edward Coke, were most anxious to conduct his trial, and two greater enemies of the faith and of Catholics personally could not well be found. They naturally undertook to bring him in guilty of the Plot. To attain their end they first of all directed his gaoler to pretend to be much impressed by his virtue and the force of his arguments, so as to feel drawn to be a Catholic. Father Garnett was in some manner deceived by him, and made use of his offer to carry letters for him first to a prisoner in the Gatehouse, and then to Anne Vaux, aunt of Lord Vaux, of Harrowden. In both cases his letters were carried to the Privy Council, carefully read, and counterfeit instead of real answers returned. This trick, worthy of its authors, having failed to elucidate anything that could be used against him, was followed by one still more infamous. Father Oldcorne was placed in a cell near to Father Garnett, and the keeper, with great professions of sympathy, offered to let the latter come and speak with Father Oldcorne at suitable times, though it would be with great personal risk to himself, and therefore both must promise the utmost secrecy. Father Garnett was then shown a cleft in the wall of the other's chamber, through which they could speak and hear each other's answers. This spot had been purposely so contrived that the sound of their words was carried to a particular place not far off, where the keeper and another were always stationed to note down everything that passed. The imagined security of the Fathers, for they were completely trapped in the snare, led to a dialogue which was carried in all speed and with no small joy to the Council. On Father Oldcorne's asking Father Garnett whether he was not pressed with this matter of the Powder Treason, as likely to be urged against him, the other answered that it had already been so, but that no such matter could be proved against him, for that no man living could touch him on it, but one. Simple as is the explanation to the reader who knows the facts as they occurred, the expression was most damaging to the accused. A day was appointed for the Lords of the Council to come and examine him upon it, and he himself complains that he had been kept from his sleep for five nights previously to it. Then his mind was so enfeebled and his thirst so great that beer was called for, and as this made him much worse, there was grave suspicion that it had been

drugged. His own expression implying that there was one man who could accuse him in regard of the Plot was first repeated to him by way of suggestion, and on his denying it, he was distinctly informed how his own words had been overheard. Upon this, confused though his mind had temporarily become, he acknowledged their truth, as having "otherwise come to light" than by confession; while, for a second reason, he was freed from longer concealment, the threat of torture being, as far as respected Father Tesimond, now for the first time a fresh ground for release. All this he explained at the time, narrating the whole course of events so as to prove that neither he nor Father Tesimond were principals or parties concerned in the conspiracy, though both were accused of being so. It was quite in keeping with the character of "my Lords" that they gave out through the whole town that Garnett had confessed all, and that the Jesuits could be proved to be principal plotters of this treason.

Notwithstanding their really nefarious practices, Father Garnett's judges felt that the only thing left was to proceed against him simply on his presumed knowledge of the intended treason without giving information of it, it being accounted treason by the laws of England to know of treason designed and not reveal it. They therefore made his trial as public as possible, and sought to destroy his reputation by help of past history and general accusations, and by making out that he had lost his mind. At length, the jury having returned their verdict of guilty, the usual sentence of death was pronounced upon him, though its execution was delayed from the 28th of March till the 3rd of May, the feast of the Finding of the Holy Cross. The cheerful calm of mind and ready wit of the martyr remind us forcibly of Sir Thomas More, for on leaving his cell to go to execution, he met the cook who had supplied his meals, and "looking on him with a pleasant, smiling countenance, he said: 'Farewell, good friend Tom; this day I will save thee a labour to provide my dinner.' Again, when the lieutenant's wife bade a kindly adieu, saying: 'God be with you and comfort you, good Mr. Garnett; I will pray for you,' he replied to her with joyful countenance: 'I thank you, good madam, and for your prayers, you may keep them at this time; and, if it pleaseth God to give me perseverance, I will not forget you in my prayers.'" St. Paul's Churchyard was the scene of his death, where ascending the scaffold he saluted the people with a smile,

and they in turn were struck dumb at his venerable appearance. The Recorder endeavoured in vain to put the Father at a disadvantage by accusing him of acts of complicity with the Gunpowder Plot never before alleged against him, and then on his denial pretended that they were in his own handwriting. On the Father challenging his power to bring any such, it was found that they were not forthcoming, and the bystanders laughed in their sleeves at the failure of this fresh act of vile calumny. He knelt down at the foot of the ladder and prayed for a long time, then while mounting it he turned round and looked upon the people with a pious and undaunted countenance. He begged them to consider well the state of their souls, assuring them upon his conscience and salvation that there was no other way for their eternal bliss but to live and die in the profession of the Catholic faith. After praying for the royal family, the Council, and the whole State, he made acts of recommendation of himself to Jesus Christ, to the Blessed Virgin, and to his Heavenly Father, and crossing his arms over his breast, gave the signal to the hangman, and so was cast off the ladder, remaining unmoved till he had rendered his spirit into the hands of God ; for none of the people would allow his body to be touched, nor afterwards gave any response to the executioner's formula, "Behold the head of a traitor!" No wonder, therefore, that the very Protestants remarked that he died like a saint, and went away much satisfied of his innocence and sanctity.

The history of Father Garnett's trial presents, as we have seen, so many instances of the utter want of principle or of common decency with which sentences of death were in those days obtained by either force or fraud, that it is well the attention of better feeling persons should be drawn to them, even through the malicious attempts of modern writers to injure the reputation of the martyr himself. Had the Council been led to accuse the members of the Society of Jesus of complicity in the Gunpowder Plot simply from the force of evidence, that clue would have come from facts brought out in the examinations of the conspirators themselves. So far from this, their examination made it apparent that no other Catholics were implicated in their conspiracy, and the King himself acknowledged the same in a speech. Mr. Tresham, in a written declaration, cleared Father Garnett by name, while the others likewise stated emphatically that no priests were engaged in the Plot. An

adverse writer has lately acknowledged that long after they had taken to accuse one another, the name of their priests never once passed their lips, and that not even Thomas Winter, in all the ample declarations made in the Tower, said one word that could have clouded Father Garnett's fame. The writer's gratuitous assertions that in this silence they were virtually liars, and carefully refrained from telling the truth, in order only to screen the persons of the priests, not clear their fame, may be taken for what they are worth. The truth evidently was that the Council was determined if possible to implicate the Society, and, after failing with those of greater character and courage, worked with success upon the frailty and desire of life of the servant, Bates, so as to draw out a fact most falsely tinged with a colour of suspiciousness against the Society, and carefully separated from Father Garnett's verbal answer given to the informant Bates, expressing his horror at, and condemnation of, the murderous attempt just made. Not even after starting with Bates' insufficient evidence could the Council have worked its way round to a condemnation, but through the help of its most unprincipled members, after having recourse to the meanest tricks and contrivances, and after changing the whole ground of accusation from a conscious and guilty complicity in the Plot to the implied treason of not violating the seal of confession in order to reveal a treasonable design, although of the present state of that design the Father knew nothing. The Council had meantime with equal art and malice published abroad amongst all Catholics the lying report that the Fathers had broken the seal of confession, and that now they could prove the Jesuits to be the principal authors and instigators of the plot.

Although Father Garnett's trial is thus proved to have been in every point so especially deep a blot on the administration of the law and on the personal character of those engaged in it, heated passion and the excitement of the times throw some cloak over it as compared with more recent attempts to fix the stigma of immorality on his memory after what ought to be a dispassionate study of the martyr's real character. One Protestant writer observes with respect to certain papers missing from the Public Record Office that, "if the merits of the controversy respecting the criminal implication of the Jesuits depended upon the fair effect of the original documents now to be found in the State Paper Office, impartial readers might probably hesitate to give a decided

opinion on the subject." In answer we would say that the case is sufficiently clear, and sufficiently before the reader, inasmuch as a literal copy of the missing papers was made out by Archbishop Sancroft, and now lies in the Record Office; while copious extracts from all the originals were selected and published by Dr. Abbot in his *Antilogia*; and as neither of these authorities can be suspected of over partiality for the Society of Jesus, the general reader may feel satisfied that he can easily acquaint himself with all that there is to say against Father Garnett in this respect.

His character was in his lifetime, and has been even recently, assailed on the two points of immorality and habits of intemperance. With regard to the first it is insinuated that he was careless even as a boy. This charge we have already refuted by anticipation when speaking of the esteem felt for him in his youth, and the desire expressed by his masters to retain him longer at Winchester. Later on the enemies of the Catholic faith found an excuse for taking scandal in the devotedness of the Hon. Anne Vaux and her sister, Mrs. Brookesby, to the assistance of priests and of persons in distress. As noble families habitually harboured the missionaries and gave them the protection of their houses, so for safety's sake, White Webb was hired in the name of these two ladies, and there they frequently resided, to disguise the fact that the Fathers often resorted thither to conduct their spiritual exercises. Several letters written from one to the other, for Father Garnett was spiritual director to Anne Vaux, were intercepted, and were worded exactly as might be expected. The news of his capture was of course a painful trial to her, in a short letter she warmly expresses her anxiety of mind, consults him about her joining a convent in Belgium, and becoming a sister to him, if he gives her leave. She adds a few words about religious matters, and concludes: "Thus in most dutiful manner I commend myself to you. Yours, and not my own, A. V." The tenour, however, of this letter was felt to lend itself too slightly to the calumnious use sought to be made of it, unless violence were done to the signature, and its letters converted into A. G., whereas the second initial is unmistakeably V. on the letter which still exists in the State Paper Office.

The second accusation directed against the Father's character is that of intemperance, the Protestant Bishop Abbot calling

him in no measured terms "an habitual drunkard." This forced meaning was given to his own words as reported by the two eavesdroppers at the hole in the wall of Father Oldcorne's cell. "Then Garnett confessed himself to Hall, which was uttered very much more softer than he used to whisper in these inter-locutions, and but short; and confest that because he had drank extraordinarily, he was fane to goe twoe nights to bedd betimes." It seems somewhat difficult to extract a proof of habitual drunkenness out of this confession. But what tells fatally against it, as against the whole of the pretended evidence drawn from these broken dialogues, is that the spies could scarcely make out anything that was said. This they acknowledged, attributing the difficulty to the low tone of voice used, and to continual noise from some cocks and hens, the truth of which is further confirmed by the remark of Father Oldcorne that he himself could hardly hear Father Garnett. Indeed, so little information could be gained by the Council from this source that they actually applied to Father Oldcorne for a written statement of what really did take place, such being the idea of justice in the seventeenth century. A modern writer claims as strong evidence Father Garnett's words when writing to the Hon. Anne Vaux, "Yet was I much distempered the first and last night, and could not eat anything, but went supperless to bedd, only contenting myself with bread, an appell, and some wine, according to my purse, though my keepers drank also with me. But I am far better here than close there, if I could have my morning delight, which there cannot be had neither." We suppose we ought to excuse the Protestant objector for imagining that a priest's "morning delight" must be one or two cups of wine, and for its never occurring to him that Father Garnett could take so extraordinary a view of the privilege and grace of offering up the Holy Sacrifice as to call it by that endearing title. It is, in truth, far easier to rebut such absurd and malicious attacks as these than it would be to explain how a man given to intemperance could possibly have borne himself on all occasions as Father Garnett did. Can we imagine for a moment that his Superiors would have retained him so long in the office of Provincial in most dangerous and trying times, wherein a single false step would have been fatal alike to their safety and reputation? Or how could either his nerves or his physical health have stood the double strain of the excitement and mental confusion which

always attend such habits, and of the constant presence of external dangers and difficulties and sudden emergencies of every kind, which were Father Garnett's daily experience for years? And yet not only did he show none of the irritability or depression of spirits inevitable in a drunkard when so sorely tried, but he surprised all by the fortitude, equanimity, and cheerfulness with which he met and overcame all difficulties, so as to be a constant guide and support to others. Equally impossible is it to conceive that Father Garnett could have been even slightly addicted to the use of stimulants, and yet preserve the love and veneration which those most intimate with him ever bore towards him. Let our final answer to every manner of calumny invented against him be the following testimonies. Father More tells us that "Father Garnett so combined the arduous duties of a laborious missionary and an admirable Superior as to secure the veneration of his brothers in religion, the love of externs, and the esteem of all, being possessed of the keenest intelligence, a sharp and solid judgment, an extensive knowledge of affairs, readiness in counsel, and, what is rarely found combined with these gifts, simplicity, candour, and a most confiding heart. To these he added a wonderful moderation and gentleness, approaching to exemption from all feelings of perturbation. His manner was easy, his countenance pleasant and modest." Father Parsons testifies of him that, "In the whole course of the eighteen years in which he governed the English Mission, a period of the most chequered and difficult character, not one of his fellow religious, nor any of the friends and fellow-labourers of the Society among the secular clergy ever spoke or wrote to Rome a sharp word against him; a most irrefragable argument in favour of his singular prudence and merit." Lastly, Father Thomas Stanny, who had been his confessor for the last sixteen years of his life, solemnly declared that in the sacred tribunal he could find only the merest trifles to name, such as scarcely approached to a fault at all.

Anemone.

CHAPTER VII.

"IN THE STRICTEST CONFIDENCE."

EMILY was no match for her aunt Joanna. It is hardly necessary to say that the elder lady very soon made herself mistress of whatever secret there was to be told about the cheque which she had picked up in the passage. She found out that it was for Charlie's debts, and that Anemone knew what was to become of it—at least, if she did not make Emily avow this, she made her hesitate and fence in a manner which was quite enough to make her certain that it was so. The knowledge thus acquired became the foundation of a rumour which was soon in circulation among the small clerical and professional world at Osminster, that Mr. Charles Westmore was terribly in debt, that he was about to retrieve his fortunes by a marriage with the heiress Miss Wood, who had already advanced considerable sums to relieve him from pressing claims. The elder Mr. Westmore's courtesy in escorting the young lady into Devonshire was thus more easily explained. Yet Aunt Joanna had only hinted what had happened to at most three persons—one of whom was Mrs. Barker, the senior curate's wife, who lived at the Vicarage, and was her great ally in all matters of gossip.

We have already mentioned Mr. Bellicent, the third and youngest curate. There was an intermediate clergyman, the second curate, Mr. Hornsea, of whom it may be as well to say a few words. Mr. Hornsea was a single man of about forty, who had some moderate fortune of his own, and had been under Mr. Westmore for a considerable time. He had more than once refused a living, and no one exactly knew why he preferred to remain as he was. He had been a man of distinction at Oxford, and was learned and fond of reading. He chiefly "did duty" at the "chapel of ease" church which Mr. Westmore had built, but he preached in his turn at the "Minster," and very good

indeed his sermons would have been if they had not been over the heads of more than half his congregation. It was not that Mr. Hornsea was an unpractical man, for he laboured more earnestly among the poor, who were extremely fond of him, than all the rest of the clergymen in the town put together. He was always in the schools or in the cottages, or in the lanes outside the town—for the parish extended over a considerable area round Osminster. But he had formed himself on one idea of a sermon, that it should be an intellectual essay. He had a hard dry manner in the pulpit, in which he was now and then almost sarcastic. In conversation and company he was more than almost sarcastic—but he required drawing out, and there seemed to be a sort of tacit understanding between him and the Vicar, that neither should attack the other. Altogether he was the greatest intellectual force in the town, and could put down even Dr. Wilson with great ease. This was one of his recommendations in the eyes of the Vicar, who was also wise enough to see that he had a very valuable man to help him in Mr. Hornsea.

Mr. Barker, the senior curate, was an easy-going man, much occupied with the care of educating a large family of children—in which Mr. Hornsea had privately helped him. Mr. Barker was of about the same standing with the Vicar—who gave him a very generous salary—and his two eldest girls were just a little younger than Charlie and Emily. These two girls, Jane and Ellen, were followed by three boys, John, William, and Robert, ranging from sixteen to twelve, who were away from home for their education at Lancing and Hurstpierpoint. Then there were two more little girls, Anne and Emily, the youngest only nine years of age. We may have occasion to mention more than one of the members of Mr. Barker's family in the course of this tale, but for the present we need only speak of the eldest girl, Jane. She was now a handsome intelligent girl of nineteen, the right hand of both her parents, and a particular favourite with Mr. Hornsea, who had interested himself in developing her talents, and had helped her very much in her studies of Italian and German. Probably she owed to him also a certain smattering of Latin and Greek which she had acquired. She had a good deal to do with the education of her younger brothers and sisters, and was in her way a little power in Osminster—not to say outside of it, for she was a member of several Essay and Reading and Working Clubs, and had

already made her mark in the periodical literature of the High Church school. She was a simple, innocent young woman, notwithstanding all her attainments, and notwithstanding, what was far more dangerous to her than her attainments and small literary successes, the sort of worship which she received from her father and mother, both of whom believed that, if she was not a second Miss Austen, she might at least be expected to turn out a second Miss Yonge.

Jane had come by accident into the verandah outside of the Vicarage drawing-room on the morning of which we are speaking, just as Mrs. Millwood was revealing to Mrs. Barker—"in the strictest confidence"—her own peculiar views of the relation which existed between Charlie and Miss Wood. It was commonly supposed in Osminster that there was no more certain way of publishing a piece of gossip than to communicate it, "in the strictest confidence," to Mrs. Barker. That lady had not a grain of malice about her, but she had never been taught that there was anything wrong in saying what was true, however much it might affect the character or the comfort of another person, and she was simply incapable of keeping a secret. It was quite sure to come out, "in the strictest confidence," to the first friend whom she came across, especially if that friend had any curiosity, and so encouraged her revelations. Now Jane Barker, with all her attainments and cleverness, was not without a soft girlish heart, and Master Charlie, who was so indignant at the idea of Bellicent playing with his sister, was not unwilling to make himself the hero of any young lady's dream who gave him the opportunity. In his late holiday visits to Osminster he had found Jane grown into a very attractive young woman, by far the most attractive that came within his reach when he was at home, and had paid her certain attentions which in his mind meant nothing. How could they, since they were at the service of so many? Jane had just begun to build a little castle in the air—a dream in which he was the knight and she the lady fair. It was just as well for her, in the end, that she had overheard the little bit of gossip which was so soon to spread beyond the walls of the Vicarage. It did not matter much that she had overheard it involuntarily, for her mother told her of it the moment Mrs. Millwood was gone. Mrs. Barker was a person of no deep discernment, and she did not see that her bit of news brought the blood into her daughter's face, and that Jane very soon left the room. The wound was not very deep, but it

might have grown deeper if she had not been pulled up sharp. She was not really attached, but she thought she was, and when in the course of the afternoon she was sitting quietly in the garden under the trees at some work, Mr. Hornsea, who had looked into the house in vain, came upon her suddenly and found her with tears in her eyes.

"What's the matter, Janie? one doesn't often find you crying."

Jane blushed and hung her head down. "Oh! I can't tell you, Uncle Robert," she said at last.

This "Uncle Robert," was a name which the children had been brought up to use by Mr. Hornsea's special request. It gave him the power of making them a great number of presents, and was no false index of the amount of confidence which their elders placed in him. In truth, the children mostly believed that he was a real uncle. Jane, in particular, made him her guide in many matters beside German and Italian.

"It must be something very bad if you can't tell me," he said, "shall I try to guess?"

"Oh, pray don't," she said, "No one can understand it but myself."

"I think you have been taught not to keep things to yourself," he said gravely. "If I thought you were really unhappy about anything it would pain me very much not to know it."

She remained silent, however, looking intently on the grass in front of her. She had never refused him her confidence before, she thought to herself, and was a little angry that she found it so difficult to speak now. Then she resolved upon the effort.

"I've had a little sting, but it will soon be healed, uncle, and I will tell you all about it by-and-bye," she said, with a smile this time as well as a blush. "I was nearly making a fool of myself, but I think I shan't."

"I don't think you will, Janie, after all. Well, to turn to other matters, I came to congratulate you on your escape. You've heard the news, I suppose?"

No. Jane was emphatically ignorant of all news. So the gentleman went on to refer to the bit of gossip which Mrs. Barker had just told him in the street without any condition of "the strictest confidence." When he saw that Jane flushed up again when he mentioned it, he suddenly paused.

"I have heard that, uncle. . . . That was it," said Jane.

"Oh, I see, my dear child Janie," he said, taking her hand in his, "You don't mean to say that that foolish fellow ever touched your fancy at all? Your heart, I am sure, he never could touch; you are a thousand times too good for him. But I have seen of late that he has been playing off his airs upon you to keep himself in practice, I suppose, for his London acquaintances. But I thought we should have a laugh together over this bit of news—though for my part I accept it 'under reserve,' as the papers say when they circulate what they suspect to be a fib."

"A fib, uncle? how can that be? It comes from——"

"Never mind where it comes from," said Mr. Hornsea; "it comes from that good lady the aunt, no doubt. I wonder what bit of gossip, true or false, in Osminster does not come from her? The wonder about her is that we all know how she romances, and yet no one to whom she speaks ever seems to doubt, that in that particular case, she is saying what is true. But consider, Janie, how unlikely it is that Miss Wood would engage herself to such a—nincompoop, I was going to say, but perhaps I should hurt the feelings of another young lady, whom I care for more than for Miss Wood."

"Oh, indeed, uncle, you must not suppose——do you really think, then, that it may not be true?"

There was a tone of eagerness in her voice which disconcerted Mr. Hornsea for a moment.

"You silly girl," he said, "I shall be inclined to try to believe and wish that it may be true, if you take such an interest in it. You girls puzzle me, I must confess. You are worthy of being laboured for and waited for and competed for, and yet you sometimes seem ready to give yourselves to the first foolish lad that condescends to look at you." Then he paused. "Seriously, dear child," he said, "Charles Westmore is not worthy either of Miss Wood or of—some one else whom we know. I don't believe that he cares for any one really, except to amuse himself. But interest might make him by-and-bye think of marrying a rich girl, and he is quite coxcomb enough to think that any one whom he asks will have him. But he is too selfish to marry a girl who is not rich—even you. Don't you encourage him, Janie; you are meant for better things. But as to this rumour, I don't believe it. It will turn out, I suspect, that Miss Wood has heard of his debts, and made him a present for old friendship's sake. Not a wise thing to do,

Miss Wood!—but she's quite young as yet. I met his sister just now, and she talked about Miss Wood and all of them as naturally as possible. And I observed also that she said how generous she was with her money. But I'll answer for it that she had never heard of the report which has reached you. There now, don't be a goose, Janie, or I shall be sorry that I tried to dispel your illusion."

CHAPTER VIII.

CONGRATULATIONS.

THE conversation was here cut short by the appearance of Charlie himself. That young gentleman had taken his cheque off to the bank in triumph in the forenoon, and received his money. He had been late for luncheon, unpunctual as he generally was, and before he betook himself to the river or the cricket-club to which he belonged, he thought, as he went down the street, that it would be nice to have a little pleasant talk with Jane Barker. He knew that in the afternoon she was often alone; and was not surprised when the servant—who was unaware of Mr. Hornsea's visit, that gentleman being in the habit of dispensing with all ceremony in his dealings with the Vicarage—told him that Mr. and Mrs. Barker were out, but that she thought Miss Jane was in the garden.

As he approached, he could see Jane sitting under a tree on one side of a large holly bush, apparently intent on her work, but he did not see her companion, who had his back to the bush.

"I shall be sorry that I tried to dispel your illusion," said Mr. Hornsea.

"'Drink to me only with thine eyes,'" sang Mr. Charlie, in a soft voice; "look up, Jane, and give me a smile."

Mr. Hornsea immediately stepped forward. "Very glad to see you, Mr. Charles," he said, while Jane rose and gave her hand to the new visitor without looking in his face. "We were just talking of you. Indeed, all the world of Osminster at this moment is engaged with your affairs. You are quite the hero of the day. Jane and myself are both burning to congratulate you."

"We have just heard about you and Miss Wood," said Jane, courageously. "I am sure that I for one——"

"Eh? what!" said Charlie, in utter confusion. This was his pleasant little bit of love-making with Jane! Mr. Hornsea did not give him time to recover himself. He was determined to have his fun, and, if possible, to elicit the true facts before Charlie knew where he was.

"Miss Wood," he said, "is a person very much to be envied as well as admired. A fortunate girl, indeed. She is not only blessed with wealth in addition to her own excellent qualities, but she knows how to give herself and what belongs to her in the most deserving quarter. An admirable young woman! You are much to be congratulated, Mr. Charles."

"I am sure," said Jane, "we shall all wish——" here she began to fumble for words. Charlie's face was too ludicrous for her, even in her very mixed state of feeling.

Mr. Hornsea would not let her go on. "All Osminster," he said, "feels the deepest interest in your prospects, and rejoices to see them so bright. We look on you as our young Prince."

"We are all so glad," said Jane.

But then Mr. Hornsea broke in again, "But why did your father whisk Miss Wood away just at this auspicious time? I suppose he knows all about your good fortune?"

"Auspicious time!—good fortune!" said Charlie. "No, Mr. Hornsea, my father knew nothing about it when he left, and I hope Miss Wood has not told him."

"Not told him!" said Jane, unable to contain herself. Perhaps she thought how—a few hours ago—she would have gone off to her father with the news, if the gracious young Prince of Osminster had whispered the decisive words in her own ear.

"Well, you see," said Charlie, "there are certain things which one doesn't quite like to tell one's father about."

"Surely," said the inexorable Hornsea, "this particular matter, Mr. Charles, is one which you would delight to communicate to Mr. Westmore!—a thing so suitable, so desirable in every way, which he must be so delighted to hear of from yourself, which he might even have expected?"

"Well," said Charlie, "I don't know. It might have been expected, perhaps, that a young fellow might outrun the constable a little on his first going to town with three hundred a year. You can't imagine, Jane," he said, turning to her, and endeavouring to get her to attend to him, and let Mr. Hornsea fall into the background, "you can't imagine how one's bills run

up—what with clothes, and gloves, and hacks, and clubs, and the ‘tips’ one has to give to the servants, and Hansoms, and the presents one has to make, and tickets for the stalls, and journeys to places where the balls or the private theatricals are, and no one knows what beside.” Probably, however, Charlie could have added a good many items to his list, which might not have been quite edifying to the ears of the young lady whom he was addressing.

“Yes,” said Mr. Hornsea, “and the great demand on your charity, Mr. Charles, and the books which you have to buy, and which, no doubt, you study, and the fees you pay your coach, or whatever he is called, and rent for lodgings, and the little though it may be which you spend on your eating and drinking, and so on. Three hundred a year! I should think that six or seven was nearer your mark.”

“Well,” said Charlie confidentially, “I think that now I have a little experience I could do it on four, or perhaps four hundred and fifty.”

“But, Mr. Charles,” said Hornsea, “we were congratulating you, not so much on having got through a good deal of money—though that, no doubt, is in a certain sense a matter of congratulation, when one feels that the money has been so well spent—but, you know, on your great good fortune—if I may venture so to call it—in finding in Miss Wood——”

“Oh, yes,” said another voice behind Charlie, “you must let us all, Mr. Charles, congratulate you on what we hear is to happen: soon, I hope.” The voice was that of Mrs. Barker, who had come in from her business in the town, and now joined the group on the grassplot. “Here are Mr. Barker and Mr. Bellicent too, both wishing to wish you joy.”

The two gentlemen named by Mrs. Barker now appeared. The senior curate, who had known Charlie from his boyhood, congratulated him with grave affection. “The only thing I have ever regretted,” he said, “as to my own married life, is that I did not marry younger. You, dear boy, will not have that reproach to make to yourself.”

“It’s a happy vocation,” said Mr. Bellicent, looking just a little queer. “I wish you all joy, Mr. Westmore.”

Poor Charlie was fairly caught now. In one sense it was a relief, because Mrs. Barker at once let out that the report which half the town had now heard, related to his supposed engagement to Anemone, and not to his money affairs. It took very

few questions and answers to make him see clearly how things were.

"Mr. Barker," he said, "there is some great mistake. Miss Wood is a very old friend of ours, and Emily and myself have been brought up to look on her almost as a sister. But I am not engaged to her, nor has there been any thought of it between us. We are very good friends, and I hope we shall remain so."

"Ah, Mr. Charles," said the lady, "I think you are fencing with us. Your aunt told me that she considered it as good as settled."

"My aunt may think a great many things which are not true, Mrs. Barker. If, as I gather from what you say, you have been speaking of this to other persons, I hope you will contradict it on my authority. It is very improper that Miss Wood's name should be used in this way."

"Oh, but then, Mr. Charles," persisted Mrs. Barker, "surely people may form their own conclusions when a young lady advances money to meet a gentleman's obligations."

Charlie was angry, but he determined to keep his temper in. "Mrs. Barker, it is not true to say anything of the kind of Miss Wood. It is true that some money of hers has been, or is to be applied to a few of my debts, but that is not her doing. She made a present to my sister Emily, and Emily in her love for me has handed it to me. It is a most unfortunate matter to have got out as it has, but what I tell you now is the simple truth. I am glad," he added, "to have had an opportunity of contradicting this foolish rumour before so many friends at once, and I trust you will all help in putting a stop to its further circulation. My father would be as annoyed as I am at the liberty which has been taken with the name of Miss Wood."

He bowed, and walked away, pursued by Mrs. Barker, endeavouring to pacify him.

"Well, Janie," said Mr. Hornsea, when the others were out of hearing, "I will say this for him, that he met it not unlike a gentleman. Nevertheless, don't let your heart be troubled any more. You've had a little shock, and it will have shown you how your feelings can run away with you. You could not seriously advise any friend for whom you cared to link her lot in life with a boy like that? Your tastes are quite different, your dispositions, your principles."

"Well, Uncle Robert, I am at all events surprised to find

that I cared about it at all. I ought not to think of such things at my age, and with our circumstances at home. I am happy enough, and have work enough as I am. And I've got a good old uncle to warn me if I go astray," she added, bending her head down on his arm and kissing his hand.

"God bless you, Janie," he said, "and now let us see how you've been getting on with your Dante."

They talked for a little longer on the subject of her studies and other such topics, but it was not of much use. The good old uncle went home rejoicing in his afternoon's work. He was grateful to everybody. Aunt Joanna and Miss Wood had warned his favourite pupil, and Charlie had at last spoken like a man. But why had he himself been so very glad to find that Jane was not as yet to pass out of his own direction?

Charlie, on the other hand, was angry and hurt. Why should his private affairs have been made the gossip of all Osminster? It was very nice of Anemone to give Emily the money, but he had lost in annoyance more than he had gained by the fifty pounds. He did not like to have Anemone's name coupled with his in the way it had been. He did not like liberties to be taken with her. He had a great regard and affection for her, after a fashion, and if he had to seek a wife he might have thought of her, perhaps, but it would have been more as a convenient match than as a person whom he could make happy. He was not bad enough yet to be thoroughly selfish in such a matter, and he felt that Anemone was too good for him, too quiet, too religious, too unworldly. He had come home on purpose to meet her, and with some vague idea that to love her would raise him and do him good. But everything had kept them apart except as to ordinary intercourse, and now he felt as if he had dragged her through the mud.

He was not afraid enough of Aunt Joanna not to scold her rather savagely. But he got nothing by it. The good lady defended herself as having done a natural thing, and even a kind thing. Why should he not ask Anemone to marry him after all?

Then again, this little incident of the rumour was very inconvenient to him, inasmuch as people would be talking of his debts, and it was sure to get to his father's ears. Mr. Westmore's children feared him quite as much as they loved him, and they did not confide in him. There was something in his

character that shut them up—perhaps he was punished in this way for a certain amount of disrespect with which years ago he had treated his own father when in the decline of age. Then again, Charlie thought that he must either give up his little amusement with Jane Barker or come to some explanation with her. Altogether it was very inconvenient. If Aunt Joanna would but hold her tongue! How came she to know it? Emily was sworn to secrecy. But then, Aunt Joanna usually knew things which no one but the powers of darkness could have told her, in her nephew's opinion.

Jane Barker was a real gainer by the little affair. Mr. Hornsea's partiality did not exaggerate when he spoke of her worth. She was not meant to be the plaything of an empty-headed though handsome man. Her head was full of the books she should like to read or write, of plans for her sister's education, and the like. She could be of more use as she was than anywhere else. That dear good Uncle Robert! she felt a sudden gush of affection towards him for having warned her and spoken so truly. "I shall never get into great trouble so long as I have him," said Jane to herself.

The sequel of this little incident was that, when, a fortnight later, her birthday came round, and Charlie produced a pretty little brooch—purchased, perhaps, with some of Anemone's money—as a present to this young lady, she very quietly and good humouredly told him she was too old to accept such offerings, and when he began to press it on her in a manner which had some tenderness in it, she laughed, and walked out of the room. He was angry for the moment, but he soon got tired of intruding his attentions where they were not welcome. When "Uncle Robert" presented her with a handsome book on the same occasion, she accepted that without hesitation, and with many expressions of tender gratitude.

CHAPTER VIII.

OLD ACQUAINTANCES.

AFTER Mr. Westmore had safely deposited Miss Wood at Exeter, he found himself the only occupant of the carriage which was to continue its journey to Dartmouth. He proceeded to make himself very comfortable with his paper and the remains of the little store of provisions for luncheon which

Emily had hastily thrust into his bag as he left home, and then began to doze as the train rushed on its way down the Exe valley, and along the shore to Dawlish and Teignmouth. At Teignmouth he was nearly asleep when his door opened, and a lady entered, who had previously looked in at the window, and now took her place nearly opposite to him. He did not look up while her wraps and little bags were being arranged for her by a servant, and was beginning to relapse into somnolency as the train proceeded towards Newton Abbott. Presently, however, he felt his hand gently tapped by the top of a parasol.

"You seem very tired, Charles Westmore. I hope your Alice is well."

He looked up with a start. The voice was perfectly familiar to him, and awakened a good many memories of various kinds. It brought him to life again at once, not without considerable confusion on his cheeks.

The lady offered her hand, which he grasped cordially. "Susan! Lady Susan! how glad I am to meet you again."

"We are bound to the same place, are we not?" said the lady. "Anne Woodbrook wrote to me this morning, that if I came to them, as I had arranged last week, I might perhaps meet you."

Mrs. Woodbrook was the wife of the friend to whose house Mr. Westmore was bound. Her husband had only been warned of his friend's intention to visit them by telegraph the day before. He was very uncertain whether a letter would reach Osminster in time, as there was a cross post, so he had simply telegraphed, "Come, by all means." This telegram, however, had not been sent till after a consultation with his wife. Mr. Woodbrook had had some doubts whether Mr. Westmore and Lady Susan Bland would care to meet one another, and the lady had already engaged herself to visit them and to take them back with her on her return, in ten days' time, to her house in Somersetshire.

"Let them come, my dear," said the lady, at last. "It's a good time now since they met, and it's just as well they should meet as old acquaintances."

No one who had been in the railway carriage with the couple thus spoken of during the transit between Teignmouth and Dartmouth would have seen any reason for demurring to the conclusion of Mrs. Woodbrook. The lady was gracious, and the gentleman seemed highly pleased with his situation.

Their conversation, which had first had a slight tone of effort about it, very soon became the familiar talk of old friends. Mr. Westmore had to answer a number of questions about his home, in which his wife and children were always spoken of with great affection. He was not so inquisitive on his side as the lady, but then there was in her case neither husband nor children to ask after. Then they got on to the friends to whom they were going, and at last to what was for the time the great news in the county, the accident which was now causing so much grief at Arden's Clyst.

"How strangely things turn out! Perhaps we shall see Geoffrey Arden there after all. People used to say that he was attached to Blanche, and perhaps after a year or two they may make it up again."

The lady's words grated a little on Mr. Westmore's ears. It was certainly rather soon to begin to express speculations on such a subject; and yet perhaps Lady Susan Bland was not the only person who had indulged in such speculations—only she was not careful to keep them to herself.

"You know, of course, that she is expecting her confinement soon? How much depends on that!"

"Yes," said Mr. Westmore, "it is a very anxious time for all who know her. Her mother says that she is much changed of late." Then he explained that he had come to Devonshire at this moment for the sake of escorting Miss Wood, and had offered himself to the Woodbrooks at a moment's notice. "In fact, I had no time to get a letter. The telegram did not tell me whom I was to meet," he added with a smile.

"That, sir, was too important a piece of news to be confided to the telegraph clerks, I think," said Lady Susan. "I had the advantage of you, then; and you see, Charles, I might have put myself off if I had chosen."

He took her hand again, and pressed it. "I hope, Susan, we shall always be affectionate friends. It will be a great happiness to me if I can ever serve you in anything." Then the train slackened its pace, and the travellers found themselves at Dartmouth. A carriage was waiting for them, with a fly for their luggage, or more properly, for Lady Susan's maid and her array of boxes. Mrs. Woodbrook was in the carriage, and greeted them both cordially. After a drive of four miles, they were driven up to the door of Slymstone Rectory, one of the prettiest dwellings in that part of the county, looking down a

narrow valley, the steep sides of which were clothed with woods, to a tiny bay, one horn of which, a bold headland, was visible from the windows, with the blue sea beyond it.

"I am guilty of having kept you waiting, my dear," said Lady Susan, as soon as she was alone with her hostess, who led her into the room she was to occupy. "I am sure you thought I should come by the earlier train."

Mrs. Woodbrook could not deny that she had had to wait a couple of hours. "But I had plenty of shopping to do in the town, and some people to see beside," she said. "But what made you late?"

"Your letter, my dear," said the other, kissing her. "Well, I calculated that he could only come by this, the later train, and that it would be better for us to meet there."

"Susie, Susie, you are so clever about everything. Well, perhaps it was best; but I am sorry it should have cost you anything."

The other sighed. "It is best as it is. We are very good friends now."

About a year before Mr. Westmore had fallen in with his present wife, he had met Lady Susan Bland, then a widow of five-and-thirty, at the same house at which they were now staying. She had married ten years before a country gentleman of considerable fortune, who survived his marriage six years, and left her almost all his property. A second marriage had often been proposed to her, but somehow she had encouraged one suitor after another, and had rejected them all. She had gone a good way with the Vicar of Osminster, whom she had fascinated by her cleverness and good looks, notwithstanding the many summers which had passed over her head. She could talk well, was very accomplished, and always dressed to perfection. The account which she had given to Mrs. Woodbrook of the reasons which made her incline to reject Mr. Westmore was, that she was herself too worldly to become the wife of a clergyman, clever and agreeable as he was. "You see," she said, "he's off duty here, and his unprofessional excellencies come out. Now, don't be angry; your husband is a parson thorough-grained and thorough-bred: Mr. Westmore is a parson because he took a religious turn early in life, but it's all gone now. He'd make a capital country gentleman if it wasn't for his white collar; but he doesn't see it, and he will hardly give up his profession for me. You should have seen him in the yacht the

other day, when the men blundered—my dear, he almost swore. I think he did, just a little. He's a good shot, I think he would ride well to hounds, and at billiards he's splendid, only he's out of practice. But you see, my dear, there are the two children to look after, ready to one's hand, and I'm not fond of children. I like him very much, all the same. If he'll drop his clericalism I may think of it." Such was the end of Lady Susan's confidences to her friend before the decisive moment came.

When it did come, she was certainly very plain with her wooer. "I should say yes, Charles," she said, "if you were not Vicar of Osminster. Do you care for me enough to give all that up, and come and live with me at Flaxhead?"

Mr. Westmore had been almost on the point of saying "yes" at once. Perhaps her calling him Vicar of Osminster, instead of simply a clergyman, turned the scale so far as to make him hesitate. It was certainly no great thing, in the eyes of Englishmen in general, to be Vicar of Osminster. But Mr. Westmore was under the spell of local opinion, in which he had been himself brought up. To his mind, "The Vicar of Osminster" was a very great title indeed. He paraded it a good deal. He signed his letters to the *Guardian*, "The Vicar of Osminster." When Charles and Emily had been born, he had inserted the announcement in the papers as "the wife of the Vicar of Osminster" of a son, or of a daughter. Who can say, if Lady Susan had put her objection less baldly, that he would not have yielded? She might have said that "she felt unequal to the position of the wife of a clergyman, or of the Vicar of Osminster, and could not give up her home—would he share it with her?" But as it was, he asked her to let him think it over for a few hours—they were neither of them in the heat of youth, and could afford to consider things carefully. Lady Susan was quite satisfied that he should deliberate for the 'few hours' he spoke of. But in the course of those few hours there was some little ruffle of temper between them, and he went off the next morning, leaving a long letter for her, saying that he could not give up his duties, but that if she would accept him, they should spend as much time as possible at her home.

"You see, my dear, he refuses me," said Lady Susan to Mrs. Woodbrook. "It's an unusual state of things, certainly." Then she wrote to say that all things must be at an end between them. One year after, as has been said, Mr. Westmore proposed to Alice Smith, and was accepted. He had never

met Lady Susan since. That lady had more than once confided to Mrs. Woodbrook that she had not been free from regret as to the issue of the negotiation.

Thus it chanced that these two were now thrown together for nearly a fortnight. Once or twice Mrs. Woodbrook was not well, and the little excursions and sails on the sea had to be performed by the Vicar of Osminster and Lady Susan alone, for Mr. Woodbrook was well occupied with the cares of his parish, his curate being away for a holiday. It is no part of our purpose, however, to chronicle all that passed between this interesting pair. Mr. Westmore's visit to the Woodbrooks, however, had two results which belong to our history.

Alice, of course, forwarded his letters to her husband, and wrote to him every day herself, as had always been her wont since her marriage whenever they were separated. She did not leave the religious question to itself. She urged her husband to give his consent to the visit which she proposed to pay to the Convent, and spoke about her wishes with much quiet resolution. Her husband was seriously alarmed. It was no longer his little Alice with whom he had to deal—she seemed to have wakened up to a clearer view of her position and its dangers, and to a firmer determination as to action, which gave him uneasiness, not that he thought it altogether likely that she would break loose from his control. But he spoke about his troubles to Mr. Woodbrook, who told him that there was no time to be lost in "settling" her. "Settled" of course she could be, as Mr. Woodbrook thought, for he himself had never had much occasion for considering what he called the "Petrine claims," and looked upon an inclination to Rome as a sign of childishness of mind. He did not like to suggest to his guest to go home at once. Perhaps, after all, another person might have more weight. What had become of that clever, hard-working, and hard-thinking man, Hornsea? If he was still in the neighbourhood, he might do some good. Mr. Westmore told him that Hornsea was still his curate, and, on his suggestion, he wrote to the gentleman in question, begging him to go and talk to Mrs. Westmore. He wrote at the same time kindly to Alice, begging her to listen to what the curate might have to say. "At all events," he added, "you will surely do nothing until we have talked the matter over again ourselves."

The other result of this visit to the Woodbrooks may be gathered from the following conversation, which took place

about a week after the arrival of the two visitors. They had been sailing together in a pleasure boat which belonged to the Rector, and were returning home by a path through the woods which added so much beauty to the little valley. Mr. Westmore was praising the scenery, and the lady immediately said how much she should like to show him Flaxhead.

"It is rather bold, Charles," she said, "but the Woodbrooks can tell you that they are engaged to come to me after the end of this week, when Mr. Galton comes back. Now Anne says that I may venture to ask you to come with them. It will give me the opportunity which I have so often wished for. I want you to see our woods and downs. Now, won't you come with us?"

It would not have been very easy to refuse, as he had thrust himself a little inopportunely on his hosts, and had got them thereby into a difficulty. He must either go home, or say yes. Just at that time, however, he did not wish to go home. He felt himself better away. Alice had rather bothered him by her persistence, and besides, it was a sort of duty to leave the field open to Hornsea. While he paused to answer, Lady Susan began to urge him again with all her powers of persuasion. "I shan't think that you take me back as an affectionate friend, Charles, unless you agree." Her manner was much more beseeching than her words, and before they reached the Rectory garden gate, it was settled that the whole party should proceed together to Flaxhead on the Monday following.

The Monday morning brought him another letter from Alice, in which she consented to see Mr. Hornsea, but hoped that it would be soon, as she was more and more anxious to "be at peace." She told him also that the letters of Anemone from Foxat were not very encouraging in the account which they gave of Blanche. Anemone had not written all that she might, as she was aware that her letter might have to go the round of the family.

A Study in Ethics.

God's absolute Laws, sanctioned by an eternal Heaven and an eternal Hell, have become Moral Philosophies, sanctioned by able computations of Profit and Loss, by weak considerations of Pleasures of Virtue and the Moral Sublime.—CARLYLE.

THAT there is a limit to the possible number of fundamentally different ethical theories is obvious. Different authors will however be found to vary in their enumeration and arrangement, and still more of course in their appreciation of these. In particular the doctrine universally held in the Catholic schools does not seem to me to receive adequate recognition in some current treatises on the subject. This, with a reference to the importance of the subject, must be my apology for the following perhaps rather elementary remarks.

Moral philosophy may be defined to be the practical science of human acts in so far as they are right or wrong, good or evil, virtuous or vicious.

A scholastic writer would probably have put the matter rather differently. He would say that ethics, or moral philosophy, provides rules for the direction of the free acts of man to his ultimate end.¹ He would contend, with reason, that the conceptions of rightness and wrongness, of duty and of virtue, and others kindred to these, derive their significance from the fact that man has been created by God for a purpose; and that God has a reasonable claim to the obedience of man and to his faithful cooperation towards the attainment of the end of his being. Among British ethical treatises, however, the words right and wrong, duty and obligation, virtue and conscience, figure far more prominently from the outset than the phrase *end of man*. Their authors would perhaps contend that the words which they make thus prominent, and upon the discussion of which their whole systems turn, are words that are in every man's mouth,

¹ E.g., P. Jouin, *Philosophia Moralis est scientia practica, dirigens actus liberos hominum ad finem suum ultimum*.

and express conceptions that are in the minds of every one; and that the analysis of these current conceptions forms the proper staple of the opening of any ethical investigation; whereas not every one couples these notions, explicitly at least, with the conception of an end for which man is destined, or even believes the fact of such destination. On both sides of the subject there is something to be said; for present purposes it may suffice to have noticed the difference of treatment, and it may be lawful in the present discussion to adopt what may be roughly designated as the English point of view.

We must be careful, however, not to let the adoption of this mode of procedure betray us into the confusion into which it has betrayed more than one modern writer. "It is of essential moment," writes Professor Calderwood, "to distinguish between the *foundation* of moral distinctions and the *knowledge* of them. Hume has confounded these at the outset. He treats of the problem 'concerning the general foundation of morals; whether they be derived from reason or from sentiment, whether we attain the knowledge of them by a chain of argument and induction, or by an immediate feeling and finer internal sense.' These are two perfectly distinct questions. As to the foundation of moral distinctions, I wish to insist that it is independent of human personality; while as to the knowledge of moral distinctions, that is derived from reason, not from feeling."²

There are in fact *three* fundamental questions which have to be accurately discriminated and carefully kept apart. The first question concerns the *foundation* of morality; and it is the inquiry—What is the fact or set of facts from which the conceptions and terms of which moral philosophy takes account derive their ultimate significance? By their "objective significance," I understand, not their abstract meaning, or some meaning which they might have under some conceivable but not actual circumstances (though this also has to be taken into account), but their real force as applied to actual individual actions. Thus the late Professor John Grote writes: "In the same manner as we are bound to truthfulness, so we are bound to fairness in general, . . . and the feeling which we have on the subject is one which is understood by us as pointing to a fact. The boundness or obligation is of course, as we are aware of it, a feeling: for in reality some feeling of ourselves is all that we are under any circumstances aware of; the external world is,

² *Handbook of Moral Philosophy*, pp. 18, 19.

if we choose to consider it so, a mass of impressions.³ . . . But the feeling of obligation, like the feelings which make us aware of the external world, is a feeling which we understand as representing facts independent of us. It is not the feeling which binds or obliges us, but it is the state of facts of which we are thus made aware through the feelings."⁴

The second question has to do with the *standard* of morality; and is the inquiry—What is the test or *norm* whereby we may judge of the rightness or wrongness, the virtuousness or viciousness of an action? or—What is the element in an action which constitutes it right or wrong, virtuous or vicious? And the third question is concerned with the so-called *moral faculty*; being the inquiry—By what faculty do we judge of the rightness or wrongness, the virtuousness or viciousness of an action? or—How is the rightness or wrongness, the virtuousness or viciousness of an action subjectively brought home to us? It is plain that this last is in strictness a psychological question; though belonging to that part of psychology which borders most closely on ethics. It should also be noted that, in the somewhat crude shape in which it has been here stated, this third inquiry is a little out of date. In fact no one, probably, would now think of calling in question, what was long ago taught by St. Thomas, that the so-called "moral faculty" is simply the intellect or understanding engaged upon a particular class of relations. The investigation however of the mode of growth and development of conscience, and of the nature of its manifestations or dictates, remains to this day as interesting as ever, and should find a place in every ethical treatise that pretends to completeness. But no discussion on this head falls within the scope of the present paper; it is mentioned only to be set apart from the subject with which I shall be concerned, namely—the foundation of morality and the moral standard.

To the question, What is the foundation of morality? very different answers have been given. These answers, if I mistake not, will be found to fall, so far as they are consistent, under one or other of four heads.

Mr. H. Sidgwick, writing, as I now am, on "The Methods of Ethics," says: "There are several recognized ways of treating this subject, none of which I have thought it advisable to adopt.

³ More accurately, "What we are immediately aware of when we are said to perceive the external world is a mass of impressions," &c.

⁴ *Examination of the Utilitarian Philosophy*, pp. 144, 145.

We may start with existing systems, and either study them historically, tracing the changes of thought through the centuries, or compare and classify them according to relations of resemblance, or criticize their internal coherence. Or we may seek to add to the number of these systems; and claim after so many unsuccessful efforts to have at last attained the one true theory of the subject, by which all others may be tested. . . . I have attempted to unfold, not one method of ethics, but several: at the same time these are not here studied historically, as methods that have actually been used or proposed for the regulation of practice; but rather as alternatives between which the human mind seems to me to be necessarily forced to choose, when it attempts to frame a complete synthesis of practical maxims and to act in a perfectly natural manner. Thus, though I have called them *natural methods*, they might more properly be called *natural methods rationalized*; because it is perhaps most natural to men to guide themselves by a mixture of different methods, more or less disguised under ambiguities of language."⁵ It is such an enumeration of "rationalized natural methods" that, with a brief criticism of each, I propose here to draw out, though, for reasons to be hereafter more fully stated, on a slightly different plan from that followed by Mr. Sidgwick.

1. And first must be noticed, only to be set aside, the theory which bases morality on the arbitrary decisions of God, Who, it is said, has willed that man should do some things and should abstain from other things; and has signified His intention to punish and reward accordingly. Those things which God has willed that man should do are *right*, those from which God wishes him to abstain are *wrong*. "*Right*," says Paley, "signifies *consistency with the will of God*." And the context shows that by the *will* of God he here means the arbitrary decisions of our Creator. Happily this view meets with little or no countenance now, and it may perhaps be doubted whether any one ever consistently held it. Waterland, among others, has put and answered the obvious question on the subject. "It may be asked," he says, "whether, if God had commanded men to be unjust and ungrateful, it would have been morally good to have been unjust and ungrateful? To this I answer, that it is putting an absurd self-contradictory supposition, for it is supposing a God that is not necessarily wise and good, a God

⁵ *The Methods of Ethics*, pp. 10, 11.

and no God."⁶ Such an answer cannot be made by one who bases morality on the arbitrary decisions of God. "It is plain," says Mr. Lecky, "that those who regard the arbitrary will of the Deity as the sole rule of morals, render it perfectly idle to represent the Divine attributes as deserving of our admiration. To speak of the goodness of God either implies that there is such a quality as goodness [independent of the *free* will of God] to which the Divine acts conform, or it is an unmeaning tautology."⁷ And this must, in the present context, stand for a sufficient answer to the theory which makes the free will of God the foundation of all morality. Such a theory is derogatory to the Divine holiness, the derogation lying in the word *free* or *arbitrary*.

2. Secondly, there is that rather large class of ethical systems which, in varying language have placed the foundation of morality in the *nature* (or *fitness*) of *things*, and of man in particular, without explicit reference to God. This theory has assumed various shapes. Two conceptions in particular have been made prominent. The one is that of man's nature as compound, being one wherein higher and lower faculties are discernible. The other is that of man being fitted by nature to work for a universal as distinguished from a merely selfish and personal end. "Which is to be obeyed," asks Bishop Butler, "appetite or reflection? Cannot this question be answered from the economy and constitution of human nature, merely, without saying which is strongest? or need this at all come into consideration? Would not the question be intelligibly and fully answered by saying that the principle of reflection or conscience being compared with the various appetites, passions, and affections in men, the power is manifestly superior and chief without regard to strength? and how often soever the latter happens to prevail it is mere *usurpation*?" Dr. Whewell, commenting upon this passage, says: "Butler maintains that, by merely comparing appetite and reflection or conscience, as springs of action, we see that the latter is superior in its nature and ought to rule. This truth I, with him, conceive to be self-evident; and I endeavour to express it by stating, as a fundamental moral principle, that *the lower parts of our nature are to be governed by the higher*."⁸ Professor Ueberweg writes: "The psychological

⁶ Ap. Whewell, *Lectures on Moral Philosophy*, p. 152.

⁷ *History of European Morals*, pp. 54, 55.

basis of ethics consists in the distinctions of value in the different mental functions. . . . The sum total of everything good, belonging to the human race, is the 'Highest Good' in the collective sense (*Summum Bonum*). The relative values [of human acts] are connected partly with the connections which exist between the different classes of functions of the individual . . . (for the actions of the higher faculties are of more value than the actions of the lower), partly with the ties which connect the individual with the surrounding community (since the requirement of a greater number of persons is of more value than the requirement of a lesser number, or of an individual of this number). The idea of rational self-regard starts from the first, the idea of the common weal from the second. The whole ethical problem for mankind is gradual approximation to the realization of the Highest Good. . . . Within his own sphere of rights every person has to cooperate in the gradual realization of the Highest Good. In this consists his *moral duty*. The moral law takes the following formula: *Act within the limits of your own sphere of duty so as to solve the great problem of humanity as far as possible*. . . . Virtue is habit in accordance with the ethical problem, or the ethical aptitude of the will."⁹ The same two ideas, of preference for the higher faculty and for the wider interest, appear in the absolute devotion, on the one hand to *truth* and on the other to the "universal folk," which Professor Clifford is fond of inculcating; in the intellectualism and humanitarianism of a host of writers and thinkers of the present day.

The words last quoted from Ueberweg are, it may be remarked, a curious illustration of the close fundamental kinship which obtains between the utilitarian system as adopted by Mill, and those abstract "rational" theories of ethics which he was foremost in denouncing. It may seem odd to place J. S. Mill in the same category on any subject whatever, and especially on any ethical subject, with Cudworth or Bishop Butler. And yet the only shadow of a ground in reason for the utilitarian or universalistic theory as held by Mill is essentially similar in kind to that upon which Clarke and Butler and Cudworth rely. Mill's own "proof" of utili-

⁹ *Elements of Morality*, vol. i. p. xvii.

¹⁰ Appendix D. to *System of Logic*, pp. 586, 587. Lindsay's Translation. Ueberweg's ethical canon is substantially identical with the law of "Self-adaptation to the Law of Progress" which is the key-note of Miss Simcox's brilliant but sad essay on "Natural Law."

tarianism is hopelessly fallacious, and might well be given to a tyro in logic for dissection. It amounts to this: "Each man desires his own happiness. Therefore all men desire the happiness of all, *i.e.*, of mankind. Consequently the happiness of mankind is desirable for each."¹⁰ With reason does Mr. Sidgwick object that "the natural immediate conclusion . . . on Mill's own method, is that Own happiness, not Universal happiness, is what each one ought to desire: the argument leads primarily to egoistic instead of universalistic Hedonism." And he adds: "I can conceive no possible way of meeting this objection, except by exhibiting (*in substantially the same manner as Clarke and Kant exhibit it*) the necessary universality of the ultimate end, as recognized by reason: by showing that the fact that 'I am I' cannot make *my* happiness intrinsically more desirable, more fit to be accepted by my reason as the standard of right and wrong in conduct, than the happiness of any other person."¹¹

Now it is by no means contended that there is no element of good in these systems of what may be called rational independent morality. In the question as to the moral standard—as distinguished from the foundation of morality—the conceptions here put forward are of deep significance. But their use is that of the rule and plumb line by aid of which the building is to be fashioned, rather than that of the solid mass of concrete which is to form the basis of the fabric itself. The utmost with which such a system provides us is a conception, and that a very inadequate one, of τὸ δέον—the worthy, τὸ καλόν—the becoming; improved perhaps and refined in comparison with the thought of the ancient Greeks, but still generically like to it, and providing no source of obligation, except such as may be imposed by society in agreement to seek τὸ δέον.

Neither universalism nor intellectualism, in other words, provide us with that *basis in facts* of which we are here in search. The question remains, why, upon humanitarian

¹⁰ The main fallacy lies of course in the transition from *all* distributive (each) to *all* collective (mankind). A second fallacy turns on the word *desirable*, which may mean *that which can be desired* (as, to use Mill's illustration, the visible is what can be seen), or that which ought to be desired (Grote, *Op. cit.*).

¹¹ *The Methods of Ethics* (First Edition), p. 365. The passage is omitted in the Second Edition. The fundamental position, however, is not altered, and Mr. Sidgwick still writes: "We have found that the common antithesis between intuitionists and utilitarians must be entirely discarded: since such abstract moral principles as we can admit to be really self-evident are not only incompatible with a utilitarian system, but even seem required to furnish a rational basis for such a system" (*Op. cit.*, Second Edition, p. 456).

principles, should I care for humanity? or why, upon intellectualist principles, should I care for self-development? Two answers alone are possible. Either that devotion to humanity and studious self-development are, or may become for every living man, the greatest pleasures in life, or else that this is the most "noble" or "fit" or "intrinsically desirable" or "ultimately reasonable" course.

The first answer is too flagrantly opposed to common experience to need any lengthened discussion here. Sir J. F. Stephen has cleverly remarked that Mill's ethical philosophy may be analyzed into "a piece of advice, and a prophecy." The piece of advice is *to love mankind*. The prophecy is to the effect that when "our present wretched social arrangements" shall have been remedied (a cure supposed to be in progress), individual and universal interests will come to be identical. That they are identical now, Mill does not pretend to assert. But the fervent utilitarian's prophecies about the future cannot be erected into a rule for my action in the present.

The second answer deserves analysis. What is a "noble" course of action? Excluding all theistic reference, I find it impossible to attach any other meaning to the term than that it is a course of action, the contemplation of which would afford a more or less intellectual pleasure to the "disinterested spectator." The noble is the *καλόν*, the beautiful in human action; and, in ultimate analysis, *pulchra sunt quæ visa placent*. Beauty is essentially relative to a contemplative mind.¹² But if this be so, it appears that to the question, "Why should I seek the pleasure of others at cost to myself?" the humanitarian answers, in effect, "because to do so is to afford a pleasant spectacle to a hypothetical disinterested spectator." I am to work for A, B, and C, because it would please an imaginary X, Y, and Z to see me so acting. The reason for striving to produce a given effect is that in so doing I may chance to produce a second effect of the same kind!

But again, will not he be an odd sort of spectator who, viewing human life apart from any relation to God, will derive pleasure from the contemplation of a "noble" course. The noble, as has been said, is the beautiful in human action. Now the essential element of beauty as affording intellectual pleasure

¹² To say that beauty is *relative* is not the same as saying that it is *arbitrary*, or as denying that it is "objective." It is objective not as existing apart from all relation to individuals, but as being the same for all individuals similarly constituted.

is *order*. So that beauty is thus in an additional sense a relative term. Is there then any true *order* in nobleness apart from the theistic reference? I think not. Ueberweg talks of the wider interest being of more "moment" than the narrower, and Mr. Sidgwick thinks the happiness of a number more "intrinsically desirable" than that of a few. But of more moment to whom? To the persons in question of course. But that is not to the point, for the inquiry is, Why should I trouble myself about what is of moment for others? The only possible answer which remains is that it is of more moment to some person who may be supposed to view all mankind with an equal eye. But, God apart, no such person exists. The human ruler whose function it is, in his official capacity, to treat individuals impartially, and to consider the happiness of the many as more important than that of a few, affords no solution of the difficulty, for such a ruler exists only for the sake of the several individuals themselves; and it does not appear that any right order or fitness of things, but rather an inversion of natural order, would be exemplified if any one should make it his rule of life, "I will act as if I were an administrator of equal laws."¹³ Equal laws are a result not of the equal importance of all men's happiness to any individual man, but of each man's happiness to himself. This point has been well urged by Mr. Alfred Barrat.

"I think," he says, "the source of Mr. Sidgwick's error is traceable in the words 'intrinsically desirable.' These words seem to have no meaning; desire must be felt by somebody, either the individual whose good is in question, or some other person. On the first alternative the premiss is that a man's own good is 'intrinsically desirable' to himself, from which it is impossible by any mere logical artifice to show that one man's good is 'intrinsically desirable' to another; on the second alternative, the premiss is that a man's good is desirable to other people, and this is the very question to be proved. Mr. Sidgwick seems first to have convinced himself that good is something 'objective' or 'universal,' and then to have argued that this must mean independent of individuals altogether, whereas it may consist in a *universal relation* to individuals. The laws of nutrition of animals are clearly objective and universal, but surely Mr. Sidgwick would not argue that because my dinner is not 'intrinsically' more desirable than another's,

¹³ Cf. Stephen, *Liberty, Equality, Fraternity*, pp. 272, 273.

therefore it is reasonable for me to digest all men's dinners, or even as much as I can of the dinners of as many men as possible." ¹⁴

If, waiving the appeal to the noble and the intrinsically desirable, the humanitarian contends that his rule of impartial benevolence is "ultimately reasonable," it is obvious that he begs the question. Reasonable action is action for which a reason can be given, or for which none is required. The pursuit of happiness is a sort of action for which no reason need be demanded. It stands self-commended. But for any other sort of action, for any which involves the giving up of my own pleasure, I certainly do require a reason. The plea of ultimate reasonableness is partly a confession that none can be given, partly an invitation (as explained) gratuitously to adopt a non-natural point of view. ¹⁵

But enough has perhaps been said to show the essential insufficiency of any system of "rational" morality which is neither egoistic nor theistic; an insufficiency which equally characterizes the ethical theories of those who, though believers, seem to think that their moral system can be constructed independently of this theism.

H. W. L.

(The remainder of this article is deferred till next month.)

¹⁴ "The Suppression of Egoism" in *Mind*, vol. iii. p. 182.

¹⁵ Mr. Sidgwick earnestly contends for the existence of an impulse in every human mind "to do what is reasonable as such." It does not seem that much can come of a discussion on this point until an answer is obtained to the previous question, *What is the reasonable?*

*Note to the Article on the Tractarian and
Ritualistic Views of the Episcopate.*

MANY of our readers will probably have seen an article in the *Tablet* of September 21, headed "The *Month* and the Bishops," to which they will naturally expect that we should give some reply.

In doing this, we must premise that there is a great deal in that article which it is hardly necessary for us to notice, and which certainly can have no reference to any such subject as that indicated by the title which has been affixed to it. We are ourselves not aware, as will be seen, of any question between "the Bishops" and ourselves. But, if we were, that question would certainly have little to do with the "tactics sometimes pursued by the *Month* in questions of a domestic and delicate character," with the remark—almost literally quoted from Mr. Kingsley in his attack on Dr. Newman—that "there are some men who will write a whole book for the sake of one chapter, and a whole article for the sake of one note," and with the insinuation that "the matter contained in the footnote in small print in page 12 has [not] the same relative importance to the matter of the article as the type of the note has to the type of the text," and that, as to that note itself, "there are sentences in almost every preceding page of the article which seem to have been prepared in order to lead up to it." Nor again, can any question between the Bishops and the *Month* have anything to do with the insinuation conveyed in the last paragraph of the article, by which the writer appears to desire to separate the writers of the *Month* from the Society to which they are known to belong.

As to these matters, we shall content ourselves with saying, that if the writer before us knew, as we do, the facts of the case as to the authorship and composition of the article and the note in question, he would know also that it is hardly possible for him to have blundered more egregiously and more fatally than in the suppositions and insinuations which form so large a part

of his remarks. If we wished for a literary and controversial triumph, we should have nothing more to do than to state a few plain facts as to the article, the note, and their authorship. But we do not consider that anonymous insinuations of this kind need be met by any such disclosures.

The real gist of the complaint made against us, however, is of infinitely more importance. It is a matter of great importance—chiefly, of course, on account of our connection with the Society of Jesus—that the *Month and Catholic Review* should be charged with even “veiled attacks” on the English Bishops. We should be very sorry that our readers should think that the charge could be fairly made, or could be accepted by us as true. But here, again, we have just cause, as we think, to complain of the “tactics” of the writer—for he has exposed us beforehand to the difficulty of which Dr. Newman spoke when he said that his assailant had “poisoned the wells.” Whatever we say must be received with suspicion, as coming from persons “who never say straightforwardly what they mean” . . . who “invoke a certain cloudiness”—whatever that singular act of worship may be—“into which they can safely retreat,” and the like. Under this disadvantage, and without “invoking” any “cloudiness” at all, we proceed to remark that the writer in the *Tablet* fastens upon a note in our last number (p. 12), against which he brings the charge—no, we beg his pardon, for this writer, who, of course, always says straightforwardly what he means, does *not* bring the charge, he only says that other unnamed people bring it—and, after due examination, we cannot tell whether he ventures to pledge himself to its endorsement or not—that we have made a certain definite complaint against the Bishops. This complaint is that “whereas the Jesuits have received a commission to teach and an exemption from the ordinary jurisdiction of Bishops in respect to their rule [these last words we hardly understand], the Bishops by ignoring these privileges have shown themselves as ‘un-Catholic’ and as ‘disloyal’ as Mr. Petre, when he brought what he described as the Jesuit system of education to the tribunal of Catholic and non-Catholic public opinion.”

The writer in the *Tablet* goes on to say that “people ask,”—he does not say whether he considers the question fair or not—what this policy of the Bishops is which is thus attacked? Does the charge refer to the claim by the Bishops of inspection of public elementary schools, as to religious knowledge, or to their policy on higher education?

As to the first possibility, the writer remarks that there can be nothing un-Catholic or disloyal in an appeal to the Holy See on such a subject, and as to the latter, he quotes some long passages from the Pastoral Letters of the Bishops in 1874, when they announced the beginning of a College at Kensington, in which "the rights and privileges of Regulars, and the perfect independence and autonomy of all their existing and future Colleges were most carefully guarded." "It is just possible," the writer adds, "that these passages have escaped attention." How this may be, as to the public in general, we are unable to say. But the passages in question have no reference whatever to anything that was or could be in our mind when the passage of the article which is objected to was written and inserted in the *Month and Catholic Review*, and so we are under no necessity of considering the programme of the Hierarchy. If any reader of the *Tablet* has been led by the quotation in the *Tablet* to suppose that we have referred to the policy of the English Bishops in that or in the other point specified by the writer with whom we are dealing, that reader has been altogether misled, and we give the most peremptory denial to this "what people say," of which the writer argues as if it were true, while he does not assume the responsibility of saying that it is. On this point we prefer to use the words of the author of the note complained of rather than any of our own. That gentleman's letter now lies before us. He says: "The theory objected to was not propounded by the Bishops, but by others who have given us their names. We believe that if the Bishops were called upon to pronounce upon it, they would condemn it as strongly as we do. It is very absurd to say that, because there is a question as to the limits of our exemptions *sub lite* at Rome, we therefore accuse the Bishops of being 'disloyal' and 'un-Catholic.' We never said, or meant anything of the kind, nor do I think that a disrespectful word towards the Bishops can be pointed out in any one of our publications. We speak of a theory which has formally been published, and of the use made of it by those who have put it forward, and if we do not say that their conduct was un-Catholic and disloyal, it is because we assume that they acted in ignorance of what it was our purpose to explain. To them and not to the Bishops was expressly attributed the course of policy which, under cover of unsound theology, aimed a blow at our efficiency and independence; and while it submitted our

educational code to the tribunal of public opinion, informed the world that the Bishops *alone* were competent to deal with the questions it had raised. The two strings of this badly constructed weapon of offence, and not the acts of the Bishops and of Mr. Petre, were what manifestly were compared in the last sentence in the note so strangely interpreted by the writer in the *Tablet*."

Again, in reference to a passage in the article in the *Tablet* in which the writer finds fault with us for censuring Mr. Petre for his appeal to public opinion, while our article, as he conceives, has done the same, the author whom he attacks adds: "The writer in the *Tablet* does not see the distinction between submitting a point of ecclesiastical discipline to public opinion and publicly defending a principle of theology or of ecclesiastical decorum."

And we add to this on our part, that, as our words did *not* refer to any "question of discipline" which is now before the "peaceful tribunals of the Holy See," it is the *Tablet*, and not the *Month and Catholic Review*, which is responsible for "taking the initiative" of which the writer before us speaks. And we add further, that we are prepared to submit the propositions which were really in our minds and of which we complained, to the proper authorities, if they shall think fit to call on us to do so. But we do not consider an article in the *Tablet* a sufficient call on us—even if the writer were courageous enough to say that he adopted the charges which he practically makes, and for which he is morally responsible.

We believe that what has been said will be explicit enough for our readers, as well as for the high ecclesiastical authorities whose names have been dragged into the matter by the writer in the *Tablet*.

Catholic Review.

REVIEWS AND NOTICES.

1. *Cyprus: its Ancient Cities, Tombs, and Temples.* By General Louis Palma di Cesnola. London: John Murray.

THE author styles his work "a narrative of researches and excavations in the island of Cyprus," and beyond this he has aimed at very little general information. The past four or five months have, however, given such an entirely new and unexpected interest to all books treating on our last British acquisition, that quite a fresh importance attaches to General di Cesnola's discoveries. When regarded from a simply archæological point of view, the antiques of every description which he has brought to light form a most valuable contribution to our knowledge of Phœnician, Egyptian, and early Greek art; but almost the whole attention of the explorer was absorbed in the history of Pagan times, and Christian antiquities receive only a passing notice. We should imagine that a rich field of research must have been thus passed by, though, of course, the preservation of so many records of a still earlier period is owing in great measure to their having been buried and inclosed in tombs.

The writer considers it impossible to ascertain, from the accumulation of legends gathered round and obscuring the original facts, at what time the Phœnicians first settled in Cyprus. It has been established that this island was the Chittim of the Old Testament, though no doubt the name was at times extended to the Western nations generally. Josephus expressly identifies the name with Cyprus, and other writers followed him, while the existence of a town of the name of Citium in the island is itself a strong corroboration of the statement. Beyond the Phœnicians we have a Greek population, through whom the island was known as Kypros, a name perhaps derived from the Hebrew *Kopher*, henna, a plant which grows in abundance there, and in ancient times was made to produce a variety of oils and salves. The Cyprian legends connect the history of the island with the fortunes of the Greeks in the Trojan war, and the first Kings of Cyprus traced their lineal descent to the original founders of the several towns where they ruled. In connection with the geographical description of the island occurs the first point awakening a religious interest, for third in height after Mount Olympus and Mount Adelphi is the summit of Santa

Croce, on which at one time stood a temple to Jupiter; but tradition asserts that when St. Helen, the mother of Constantine, visited Cyprus, she caused a chapel to be built on its ruins, and deposited therein a piece of the true Cross. This relic, John Locke, an English traveller, says that he saw in 1553. There is a ruined Greek convent now on the top of the hill, and on the eastern slope stands another convent, dedicated to St. Barbara.

In the vicinity of Cape Pyla, on the south-east coast is a large cavern, called "*Spilio Macaria*," which contains a great quantity of petrified bones, forming a solid mass, apparently several feet thick. A guide, nephew to the Greek priest, maintained them to be the bones of "forty saints," adding that only a few years had passed since it was the custom of the peasants of Armidia, Afigoro, and other neighbouring villages, to make a pilgrimage to this cave on the anniversary of the 9th of March. According to him the Greek Archbishop of Cyprus had lately ordered them to be discontinued. Further along the rocky coast, deeply indented by the marks of ancient chariot wheels, stands a ruined Greek church dedicated to Agios Jorgos, and beside it are the remains of an early Christian village fringing a stream on either side. To the west lies a cave with more petrified bones, and close by are tombs of the early Christian period. Not far from this spot are to be met a very poor race of Christians, bearing themselves externally as Mussulmans through compulsion, but receiving the Sacraments of Marriage and Baptism in secret from a priest of their own choice; these number only twelve hundred in all. Close to Cape Greco, on the south-eastern extremity of Cyprus, may be seen the Convent of Sta. Napa, which belonged to the Catholic Church before the conquest of the island by Selim the Second, at which time it was given by Mustafa Pasha to the Greeks. It lies now in ruins, though the royal Crusaders must have richly endowed it, as it still owns thousands of acres of fertile land, remaining waste for want of hands to till it. The north-eastern promontory of the island is called Cape St. Andreas, and somewhat south of this are shown the prison and tomb of St. Catharine, a little above which is the Church of St. Barnabas, built, it is said, upon the spot where the body of the Saint was discovered, with the Gospel of St. Luke on his breast. This church is held in great veneration, and kept in good repair, although there is now only one of the twelve original monolithic columns standing; their want being supplied by pillars made of small stones and plaster, the original capitals being retained in use.

On the north-west coast lies Morfou, the largest village in Cyprus, and numbering from five hundred and fifty to six hundred houses; the inhabitants are for the most part Christians. Just outside is an extensive Greek convent, having in its courtyard a number of very fine marble Corinthian columns, which adorn wooden shafts supporting a roof of mud. Attached to this convent is a school attended by about two hundred boys, between six and twelve years of age. It can also boast a Gothic church and some walls belonging to what was probably a

Latin convent built in the time of the Lusignan dynasty. From Morfou mountain gorges conduct to Lapethus, a town on the north coast. Near it is a Greek convent called "Acheropiti," and two Latin churches in ruins, built in mediæval times. The church of Acheropiti contains a marble tombstone on which is sculptured a knight crusader. There are also the remains of a fine Mosaic pavement. South-east of Cerynia, along the north coast, rises an imposing mediæval ruin named "Lapais." It was an abbey built by King Hugh the Third, and belonged to the Catholics, but it was destroyed by the Turks at the capture of Cerynia, sharing the fate of all the Latin churches in the island. The abbey occupied one of the most picturesque and lovely spots to be found; and a large hall, most likely the refectory of the French monks, measures a hundred feet in length, by thirty-two in width. An apartment beneath of like dimensions supports by massive pillars the weight thrown upon it, and on the lintel over the door of the great hall are engraved three shields, representing respectively the Jerusalem cross, the royal arms of the Lusignans, and a lion rampart. At Agios Tychona, towards the centre of the island, the inhabitants belong to the Greek Church. It contains a church dedicated to St. Nicholas, served by a decrepit priest nearly a hundred years old. Several Greek inscriptions may be observed and sepulchral stelæ found in tombs near the shore, which do not date further back than the first century of the Christian era.

The country from Curium on the south coast to Cape Gatto, a broad headland jutting out into the Mediterranean, is open and fertile. On the roadside is an old Greek church, dedicated to St. George, who has now many shrines in Cyprus. East of this church is a little village of about fifty houses, inhabited exclusively by Christians, named Acrotiri. Not far from this again stand the commanding ruins of a large Byzantine Greek convent, with a church in tolerably good condition, dedicated to Agios Nicholas. This edifice, made of square blocks of limestone, is oblong, two stories high, and is erected in the centre of a square measuring three hundred and eighty-five yards each way. On the lintel of a doorway five shields are sculptured. We have now gleaned nearly all the notices of ecclesiastical interest to be found in General di Cesnola's pages, whereas his description of Pagan remains discovered are very full and valuable. On the vexed question of climate he wrote, before the recent discussion in the newspapers, and after ten years' acquaintance with Cyprus as American Consul: "The great heat which prevails during the summer months at Larnaca, notwithstanding the land and sea breezes which at times mitigate it to some extent, renders the city during this period almost uninhabitable by Europeans, and they, as well as the natives whose means permit, escape to some shady spot in the interior till the end of September." Of the village of Dali, half-way between Nicosia and Larnaca, he says that "the peasants live almost entirely out of doors from June till September, it rarely ever happening that a drop of dew, and almost never a drop of rain, falls during these months. They will frequently

throw a handkerchief on the ground, and lay their infants to sleep upon it, satisfied that neither moisture nor creeping thing will harm the child."

2. *The Pan-Anglican Synod before "St. Augustine's Chair;"* or Venerable Bede's Account of the Christianity that came from Rome. London: Hardwicke and Bogue, 1878.

Both Catholics and Protestants will do well to remember the language which Dr. Tait condescended to use when he opened the Pan-Anglican Synod. It is right that Catholics should bear in mind that the faith with which their own is identical has been called by the chief pastor in the English Establishment, under circumstances which made it proper for him to weigh every word, "a semi-pagan Christianity." It is right that Protestants should remember that the faith which the Archbishop thus insults is precisely the faith of that very Church of England of which they are now declared to be the legitimate descendants. One of two lines of argument let his Grace adopt, not both within the limits of one speech. If he likes to maintain that St. Augustine and his descendants in a continuous line taught a form of Christianity which would be even tolerable now in the English Establishment, he may without glaring impropriety claim him for an ancestor in the see of Canterbury; but, if he cannot help expressing a mild disapproval of St. Augustine's preaching and a deep dislike of the doctrine of his successors, he will be wise in consenting to forego the perilous honour of a merely fanciful affiliation.

Dr. Tait's hard words deserve a less courteous reply than they receive in the useful little compilation to which we call the attention of our readers. It is published under the joint sanction of a Protestant and a Catholic editor. Controversy is not contemplated; but loose statements, calculated to mislead the ignorant, are confronted with definite extracts from Giles' translation of Bede's *Ecclesiastical History*.

It is pleasant [say the two editors] to talk glibly, though hastily, of the writings of *Beda*; but Anglican Ritualists, and their secret abettors in the Pan-Anglican Synod, will now see that it is perilous to refer to a writer who was as "Roman" and Ultramontane as Cardinal Manning himself.

It is a thankless task to insist upon historic facts with men who do not wish to hear them; but those who either read this little compendium, or take occasion from it to study *Beda* for themselves, will soon discover that there is very little in common except faith in the Incarnation between Dr. Tait's Church and the one described by Venerable Bede, and that there is very much in common between the Church over which Cardinal Manning presides in England and the Church of those early centuries.

The extracts are arranged under four heads: History, Papal Supremacy, Dogma, and Discipline. Two quotations must suffice:

254 *What is the Eternal-Hope of Canon Farrar.*

Whilst uttering these words he died, without having received the saving Viaticum, and his body was buried in the remotest parts of the monastery, nor did any one dare either to say Masses, or sing psalms, or even to pray for him.

To the above extract the editors append a remark :

We may here remind our readers of the 31st Article of the Church of England, which has the words : " Wherefore the sacrifices of Masses, in the which it was commonly said that the priest did offer Christ for the quick and the dead, to have remission of pain or guilt, were *blasphemous fables and dangerous deceits* " (p. 17).

Dr. Tait in his address had said :

But the founder of this Church of Canterbury made, by God's guidance, a sort of protest (against superstition and invocation of saints) in the very name which he gave to his Cathedral.

We find an extract from Bede to this effect :

He (Augustine) also built a monastery not far from the city (Canterbury) to the eastward, in which by his advice, Ethelbert erected from the foundation the Church of the Blessed Apostles Peter and Paul, and enriched it with several donations ; wherein the bodies of the same Augustine, and of all the Bishops of Canterbury and of the Kings of Kent might be buried (p. 9).

The editors ask : " What becomes of Bishop Tait's argument that St. Augustine ignored the saints and cared only to build a church to the Redeemer ? "

3. *What is the Eternal Hope of Canon Farrar ?* By J. Russell Endean. Kerby and Endean, 1878.

Not without good reason, assuredly, " a gentleman intimately connected with the principal religious movements of America " considers Canon Farrar's *Eternal Hope* a very mischievous book. Open scoffing is always less formidable than pious insinuation of unbelief. The man who with deliberate blasphemy denounces Christ inflicts less injury upon the cause of Christian faith and good morality, than the elegant essayist who paints our Lord in amiable colours, denying all the time that He is that which in almost every word and act He declares Himself to be—the Eternal Son of the Eternal Father, the Word made Flesh.

In presenting to his English brethren a theory of the life to come, which to them at least is very new, Canon Farrar has certainly assumed a responsibility of no ordinary kind. His endeavour is to shake to its foundations the received doctrine of immortality. Before venturing to descant upon a theme most perilous, he ought to have made himself very sure about his arguments, so as to be not only ready but eager to justify and enforce them. In an audacious innovator we are prepared to find rather an excess of zeal in rushing to the defence of his peculiar views than any disposition to be reticent ; and, although he knows that an assailant has no legal right to drag him against his will into a public correspondence, yet he ought not to leave room for the suspicion that he shrinks from such a test.

Mr. Russell Endean, deeming that the rules of politeness should

give place where higher interests are involved, and being content to incur odium in defence of Scriptural truth, publishes a one-sided controversy, consisting of six letters written by him to Canon Farrar. The latter seems to have thought throughout that the letters were worth answering; but, when he was asked to consent to the publication of the series, he refused. Whatever be the motive of the refusal, we may be allowed to regret the fact.

In the earlier chapters of his book Mr. Edean endeavours to separate the new teaching from its rhetorical surroundings, and we advise all opponents of Canon Farrar to adopt the same precaution. "Eternal Hope" in its unadorned plainness is a very disagreeable sort of thing even as its inventor understands it.

4. *Life of B. Hermann-Joseph.* By Wilfrid Galway. Burns and Oates, London.

The subject of this memoir was a Canon Regular of St. Norbert, founder of the Premonstratensian Order, the members of which were known in England as the White Canons. Blessed Hermann-Joseph was born at Cologne in the year 1150, and his biography which Mr. Galway here gives us, is the translation of a German life written by a contemporary, who recounts the marvellous favours granted to this pure and simple-minded religious. Notwithstanding the legendary character of the incidents recorded, they are made subservient to the very plain and practical instruction of youthful minds in self-denial and purity of soul; and the pious author, as he states in his preface, has mentioned only such things as he heard from B. Hermann himself and his most intimate companions, or such as were commonly known among the brethren. We think that the English version of the Latin hymn, *Oratio ad Deiparam Virginem*, would have read better if it had not retained the semblance of poetry, but had been given simply as a prose translation. Under the form of an appendix a short historical sketch of the Order is added, together with a list of the religious houses possessed by it in the three kingdoms.

5. *Cardinal Wolsey.* By Agnes Stewart. Burns and Oates, London.

Under this title we have a tale founded on the chief incidents in the life of Wolsey rather than a detailed biography. Miss Stewart is a very pleasing writer, and with great care keeps up the interest and attention of her readers. The present book is well suited for young people, whose minds can easily grasp the salient points in the character and eventful life of the great Cardinal, and understand the lesson of warning which so singular a career bears on its very front. The authoress has wisely dwelt at some length on the beneficial change wrought on Wolsey's mind by the disgrace into which he fell with his royal master, in which he learnt to recognize the hand of God. Without the full acknowledgment of the good account to which he turned his misfortunes great injustice is done to Cardinal Wolsey's memory.

6. *Which is it; or, War in the Heavens.* By T. H. Shaw. Burns and Oates; and R. Washbourne, London.

This is a thick pamphlet of eighty-four pages, intended to form the first of a series, entitled, *Tales for the Million*. In a kind of appendix, or concluding chapter, the writer draws attention to a point well worthy of consideration, namely, whether Catholic laymen are making full use of their opportunities to press upon their Protestant friends, at least on such as they might fairly hope to benefit, the duty of learning what the actual doctrines of the Church are, and of really and practically making up their own minds on the questions at issue. In almost every case those who have been themselves converts still count many Protestants amongst their relatives and their friends. Religious subjects are so widely discussed, Protestants have become so intimate with Catholics, so familiar externally with the views and habits of Catholic life, that the old plea of not disturbing their convictions, nor increasing their responsibilities before God, can now very seldom indeed hold good. The minds of such persons are even still so filled with false ideas as to almost every doctrine and function of the Church that it is of the utmost importance to rectify these as far as possible, and to put the truth before the Protestant mind in a variety of different styles and from different points of view, to suit the variety of habits and lines of thoughts which really exist. Without bringing forward any very new or striking arguments, nor, indeed, caring to do so, this particular pamphlet goes over much useful ground by way of controversial dialogue concerning the unity and authority of the Catholic Church.

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7. *An Introduction to the Devout Life.* By St. Francis of Sales. A new translation. Edited by Walter J. B. Richards, O.S.C. Burns and Oates, London.

We are glad of a fresh opportunity of drawing attention to this well-known and admirable treatise, more especially after the perfectly false and unjustifiable attack lately made on the acts and motives of St. Francis. In these days, when the watchful eyes of the unbelieving and ill-disposed are looking out for any occasion of pretended scandal or point for ridicule, it is of the first importance that books treating on religious subjects should be well and clearly expressed and carefully edited. This applies with especial force to all translations, which may needlessly give offence or court obnoxious criticism by an incorrect or exaggerated rendering of the author's meaning. It is a sense of this difficulty which has suggested a new translation of *The Devout Life*, and the work has been very carefully and judiciously executed.

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8. *Introduction to the Lives of the Saints.* By the Rev. F. X. Weninger, S.J. New York, 1876. Reprinted with permission. Wakefield, 1878.

It has been thought worth while, and wisely so, to reprint in a little pamphlet an exhortation to the habitual reading of saints' lives borrowed from Father Weninger's well known work, *The Lives of the Saints for each day of the year*.

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